

DEATH'S DOINGS:
CONSISTING OF NUMEROUS
ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS,
IN
Verse and Prose,
THE
FRIENDLY CONTRIBUTIONS OF VARIOUS WRITERS;
PRINCIPALLY INTENDED AS
ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
THIRTY COPPER-PLATES,
DESIGNED AND ETCHED
BY R. DAGLEY.



LONDON:
J. ANDREWS, 167, NEW BOND STREET; AND W. COLE,
10, NEWGATE STREET.

1827.







DEATH'S DOINGS.

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THE BUBBLES OF LIFE BROKEN BY DEATH

DEATH'S DOINGS;

Consisting of numerous
Original Compositions in Prose and Verse.

The friendly Contributions of various Writers;

PRINCIPALLY INTENDED AS

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIRTY PLATES.

Designed and Etched

BY R. DAGLEY.

Author of "SELECT GEMS from the ANTIQUE," &c.



"But God forbid that a thief should die.

Without his share of the laws!

So I nimbly whipt my tackle out.

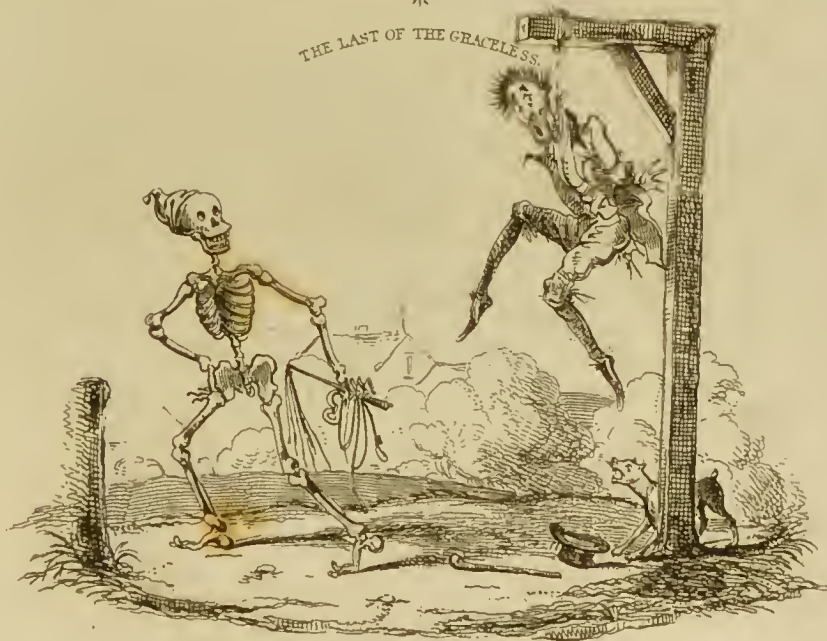
And soon tied up his claws, —

I was judge, myself, and jury, and all

And solemnly tried the cause." *Hood*

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

VOL. II.



LONDON;

J. ANDREWS, 167, NEW BOND STREET.

Dance of the

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THE LAST BOTTLE.

THE LAST BOTTLE.

AN' if it be the last bottle, Death is quite welcome; for then life hath run to the very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial Hours, which on bright-winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enough to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystic dance! I picture ye in my

fancy, now, ye Hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers. But, alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so, and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown. Like the unconscious lamb, which “licks the hand just raised to shed its blood,” we play with his bony fingers as he presents the latest draught; and, let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to Death itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the *Maneros* of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch's is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled in our faithful picture: their round of song, of toast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

Behold that breathless corpse ;
 You'll be like it when you die :
 Therefore drink without remorse,
 And be merry, merrily.
 Ai-lun, Ai-lun, Ai-lun,* quo' he!
 Our only night, no sky light, drink about,
 quo' we.

'Time, they tell us, waits for no man ;—

*Time and Tide
 For no man bide.*

But here we can make Death himself a waiter, while
 the cup is drained and the jocund catch goes round.
 Hark, whose voice among the happy set is that
 which sings—

While here we meet, a jovial band,
 No Son of Discord's impious hand
 Dare fling the apple, fire the brand,
 To mar our social joy :
 Free, as our glorious country free,
 Prospering in her prosperity,
 With wine, and jest, and harmony,
 We Pleasure's hours employ.

But lo, he whose face is half concealed by that arm
 uplifted with the sparkling glass, he has drank till

* Literally in the Greek, " Behold that corpse ; you will resemble it after your death : drink now, therefore, and be merry."—(See Herodotus and Plutarch, on the Egyptian Maneros, *passim*). The fine chorus of Ai-lun, " He is dwelling with the night," is, we trust, pathetically rendered.

the tender mood of philosophy steals over his melting soul. His maudlin eye would moisten with a tear at a tale of sorrow or a plaintive air; and it is thus he gives vent to his soothing melancholy sensations—

Death comes but once, the philosophers say,
 And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that once is a clencher :
 It takes us from drinking and loving away,
 And spoils at a blow the best tippler and wench.
 Sing Ai-lun, though to me very odd it is,
 Yet I sing it too, as my friend quotes Herodotus.

And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,
 Which also I fear, my brave boys, is no fable ;
 Yet the moral it teaches, to me is quite plain :
 'Tis to love all we can and to drink all we're able.
 Sing, again, Ai-lun, though to me odd it is;
 But 'tis Greek, very good I hope, and comes from
 Herodotus.

The old Trojan himself tucks his napkin under his arm, the whetting of his scythe is forgotten, and he wishes (miserable sinner), that, instead of sand, his double glass were wetted full with burgundy. How it would refresh and revivify his dry ribs! how it would re-create and beautify his filthy skeleton form! but he must do his thankless office, while he listens to that third glee which he with the plumed bonnet trolls forth :—

Let the sparkling glass go round,
The sparkling glass where care is drowned ;
For while we drink, we live, we live !
Let the joyous roof ring with the measure,
The sweetest of the muses' treasure
That Music's voice can give.
Thus crowned, the present beams with pleasure,
The memory of the past is lighter,
The prospect of the future brighter—
And while we drink, we live, we live.

CHORUS.—We live, we live, we live, we live,
For while we drink, we live, we live.

Another cork is drawn. At the smacking sound cares, fears, pains, fly from the unruffled soul of man, as wild fowl fly from the placid lake at the report of the fowler's gun. The undulating agitation of the instant,—the centric, concentric, elliptic, parabolic, and every imaginary shape into which its glancing bosom is broken, ripples and sparkles with light, and all then gently subsides into smoothness and serenity.—The calm is delicious, and the bowl becomes more and more brimmed with inspiration as the flood within it ebbs. Whose turn is it now to entertain us? What, Square-cap! thou hast stood or rather sat the brunt of many a deep-drenched table; the words of discretion must flow from thy lips so often steeped in the fountains of truth and wisdom. Oracle of the holy well—the “Trinc, trinc, trinc,” of Rabelais drops from them as emphatically as upon the ear of the weary Panurge:—

Alexander and Cæsar have vanished away ;
 And Plato and Cicero now are but clay ;
 The brave, and the learned, and the good, and the wise,
 All come to the same simple close of " Here lies."
 Then let us employ
 Our moments in joy—
 And before the sure end make the best use of Time.
 'Twere folly to pine
 O'er generous wine,
 Since sadness is madness, and gloom is life's crime,
 " Trinc, trinc, trinc," *—I speak,
 French words and French wines are far better than
 Greek.

Look along the bright board, like a river it flows
 With a liquid whose sparkling no water e'er knows ;
 While the banks are with friends in good fellowship crowned,
 Who bathe deep in the stream and ne'er fear being drowned,
 'Tis Bacchus' hour,
 So let him out-pour
 All his treasures, while we make the best use of Time ;
 Friendship and wine
 Are union divine,
 And when drunk, mortal drunk, mortal man is sublime !
 " Trinc, trinc, trinc,"—I speak,
 French words and French wines are far better than
 Greek.

Encore, encore—no more, no more : the last measure

* When the oracle of the Holy Bottle was pronounced by the *trinkling* of the drops which fell from it, quoth Panurge, " Is this all that the Trismigistian Bottle's words mean ? In truth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk."—" Nothing more," returned Bacbuc, " for TRINC is a Panomphcan word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies *Drink*.—See Rabelais for this adventure of Pantagruel and Panurge.

is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead drunk, what is he now? At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—aye, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

HABEAS CORPUS! HIC JACET!

HERE lies William Wassail, cut down by *the* Mower;
None ever drank faster or paid their debts slower—

Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with *the* Just.
He has drank his *Last Bottle*, and fast, fast he sped it o'er,
And paid his great debt to his principal Creditor;
And *compounded* with all the rest, even with *Dust*.

W. J.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

WHILST *Reason rules the glass*, and Friendship
flings

Its Claude-like tint o'er life's convivial hours,
Heart towards heart with generous fervour springs,
And Fancy wreaths the social board with flowers.

But, *when the glass o'er prostrate Reason rules*,
And all Ebriety's dull vapours rise,
Lost in the mist, the wisest, changed to fools,
Take thorns for flowers, and whips for social ties.

Look now on yon bibbers—how wildly they laugh
And exult o'er the poison they fearlessly quaff;
Their mirth grows to madness, and loudly they call
On the waiter;—he enters—Death *waits* on them
all :

They jest at his figure;—'tis meagre and bare,
But soon his “pale liv'ry” the proudest shall wear.

That last fatal bottle the mischief shall work ;
Their last vital breath shall be drawn with that cork :
Its odour is fetid—it smells of the dead,
'Tis a type of their fate, for their spirits have fled :
The glass of hilarity reels in their hand,
But there is another glass—flowing with sand ;
Its grains are fast falling—they trickle—no more :
Those glasses are drained—the carousal is o'er.

H. D.

ELIXIR VITÆ.

“Wine does wonders every day.”

FROM the time when the juice of the grape was first concocted into beverage, to the present day—the day of Charles Wright, of champagne celebrity—wine has ever been lauded as one of Nature’s most valuable gifts to man. It is the true *aurum potabile*, the genuine *elixir vitæ*, invigorating the heart, inspiring the fancy, and recalling to the veins of age the genial glow of youth. Accordingly, many, very many, are the excellent sayings that have been uttered in commendation of this generous liquor; and many, very many, too, are the good things, the bright thoughts, the flashes of wit and eloquence it has suggested; for when, indeed, has it ever proved ungrateful? Not unfrequently has the bottle been the Helicon whence bards have drawn inspiration, if not immortality: it has also been compared to the fountain of youth, or to that wonder-working caul-

dron in which Medea* re-animated with fresh vigour and vitality the aged limbs of her parent, infusing into his veins a warmer, fuller current.

Nevertheless, although the bacchanalian be steeped in his all-potent liquor as deeply as possible, and although he be rendered proof against all the cares and anxieties that beset us in this mortal passage,—though he bear a “charmed life,” and daily inhale new vigour from “tired nature’s sweet restorer,” balmy wine; like him who was dipped in the waters of Styx, he is not all invulnerable, there being ever some little spot assailable by the fatal dart of the grisly spectre. Death, indeed, pays not much respect to the *bon vivant*; and, regardless of him as the professed toper may appear, or seldom as he sings a *memento mori* over his bowl, or utters one in the form of a toast, it must be acknowledged that he more often rehearses the final scene of life than his fellow mortals, by getting

* Stripped of its allegorical veil, the fable of Medea is nothing more than the record of some of those magnificent achievements of certain of the medical profession, which we find so eloquently narrated in those pithy compositions, hight advertisements, according to the unpoetical matter-of-fact spirit of modern times, so different from that of antiquity; not but there may be, and undoubtedly is, a considerable degree of both fancy and invention in those productions.

dead-drunk, thus anticipating, as it were, that state of insensibility, that utter oblivion of sublunary things, that characterizes Death.

As the bee extracts sweetness from the vilest plants, so does the moralist collect lessons of wisdom and deep reflection from scenes that seem capable of furnishing little instruction of this nature. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we *prose* a little on that truly poetical and classical subject, a bacchanalian* group, when the competitors having indulged in unsparing libations to the *genius loci*—the deity of the banqueting-room, sink in oblivious repose and death-like insensibility. Here the full tide

* For the benefit of those who delight to indulge in bold etymological speculations, and supply the pedigree of words from conjecture, we will here record an anecdote that may elucidate the origin of this epithet:—"So, I hear, Mrs. Simkins, that your good man had quite a bacchanalian party the other evening," remarked an acquaintance to the spouse of a retired cheesemonger. "I would have you to know, sir," returned the lady, all her injured dignity lighting up her face in the most glowing, picturesque manner imaginable—quite in the style of a sunset, by Claude—"I would have you to know, sir, that Mr. Simkins is above such low doing. *Bacca and ale* party, indeed!—no, we can afford to treat our friends with wine, quite as well as our neighbours." This reminds us of an exceedingly whimsical dealer in the "Indian weed," who put up at his door, instead of the usual figure of a Highlander, one of Bacchus, as the god Bacco, and who always used the choice Italian oath *Corpo di Bacco*, which he said meant the fraternity or corps of tobaccoists.

of existence that so lately animated the joyous circle, and raised them above the ordinary pitch of mortality, is stopped; the jest, the repartee, the witticism, the quaint remark, the pun, the anecdote—the enthusiastic toast, and the rushing torrent of words supplied by the grape-god, whose bottle inspires louder eloquence than Pieria's fount;—all are now hushed, and succeeded by silent torpidity; so closely have the actors in this mystery or morality, adhered to the progressive course marked by Nature herself, who, from the midst of health and life, prepares decay and dissolution. If we gaze on these fallen heroes of the bottle, we shall perceive that some have quite drained their glasses, while others have fallen victims to stupor and insensibility, the bright liquor still sparkling before their eyes. So far we might not seldom derive a moral lesson from a not particularly moral subject. But there are occasions when Death literally takes his place at the festive board, and mars the merriment of the hour devoted to joy, “with most admired disorder.”

He does not stand upon the form of coming, well knowing that he cannot be denied. He is the dun that comes to demand the payment of the great debt

of nature, and against him all subterfuges, however ingenious, are unavailing. Scorning and setting at naught all form and etiquette, he intrudes in spite of porter or groom of the chambers. Nevertheless, he will occasionally use a little finesse and stratagem, although certain of being able to gain forcible admission—*vi et armis*. Here he comes in the disguise of a boon companion, for a while to entertain the company with his erudition in *oenology*; and descant most learnedly on the pedigrees of wines, showing himself deeply learned in the lore of a Henderson, and quite *au fait* in the science of the drawing-room,—that is, the room where they *draw* corks; which, by the by, in the opinion of a great many connoisseurs, is the finest style of *drawing* ever invented—at least so it is held by those practitioners who operate as bottle dentists, and pique themselves on the skill with which they extract their teeth, and drain their veins—not of blood, but of the generous and potent ichor, for which they are so esteemed. But whether the liquor he proffers be claret or champagne,—“that might create a soul beneath the ribs of death,”—or whether it be *eau-de-vie* itself, it becomes a fatal poison, if Death takes upon himself to act the part of cup-bearer. If, however, wine do sometimes prove a poison, it must be ac-

known to be infinitely the most agreeable of any mentioned or not mentioned in any treatise on toxicology, and by far the most palatable and generous way of committing suicide yet discovered.

Many have declaimed vehemently, if not eloquently, against the "sweet poison of misused wine," attributing to it the most pernicious effects on the human frame; forgetting that the mischief is occasioned, not by the quality of the medicine, but by the excess of the dose. In other words, the fault lies in the patient himself, which is, we presume, invariably the case whenever any infallible nostrum works not the desired cure. If wine has hurried many out of the world sooner than they would otherwise have departed, so has physic, and more especially that sort of physic that has professed to accomplish the most miraculous effects, and remove all disorders. Indeed, to do these universal panaceas justice, they do most effectually remove every complaint by despatching the patient himself into the other world; and this is, perhaps, one reason why we hear of so few failures in those wonder-working drugs that promise to protract existence to an antediluvian length of days.

To those who like to indulge in fanciful comparisons, the festive table, covered with well-freighted decanters, shows itself like a calm sea on which stately ships and rich argosies are sailing along in gallant trim, fearing neither storms, nor shoals, nor rocks; but steer their way among goodly dishes laden with luscious fruits, that stud the bright expanse like so many fertile islands, and form an archipelago of sweets. And, to continue the simile, how many goodly promontories and capes do we discern around! Yonder is a fiery proboscis that serves as a flaming beacon—a moral light-house to warn the inexperienced: not far from this, a mouth that expands itself like some capacious haven. Continuing our course, we come to a nose, a jutting promontory with a *mole* at its extremity rivalling that of Genoa. There a snowy head meets the eye, reminding us of Etna;—there a face with an *eruption* that marks it at once, by its fiery appearance, as Vesuvius: yet as men are not deterred from approaching that mountain, so neither is our bon-vivant scared from his *crater*—in plain prose, his glass—by the fiery glare of his own countenance; or perhaps its reflection serves only to lend a deeper ruby tint to his wine. Let us not be accused of being too

fantastic and obscure in our allegorical picture ; for surely the image is natural enough.

Life itself has been compared to a voyage, and hence many, interpreting the expression somewhat too literally, have actually steered their course through a Red Sea of port and claret ; sailed across a Pacific Ocean of burgundy and champagne ; navigated a Rhine whose stream has been genuine Rhenish ; and cruized up and down a gulf of choice Malaga ; visiting alternately Madeira and the Cape ; now touching at the Canaries and now at Oporto or Lisbon ;—in short, circumnavigating the whole globe, and studying the geography of different regions, while their bottles circulated round the polished expanse of the mahogany dining-table, that reflected their sunny faces on its countenance. In wine they fancied they had discovered the nectar of the immortals—a Lethe for all the cares and anxieties of human existence. And most assuredly the liquor with which they deluged themselves was often not very dissimilar in its effect from that attributed to that fabled stream ; for many have drank till they have forgotten their creditors, their families, and even themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that they should not have recollected, that, let them

steer with what skill they might,—however they might be favoured with fair breezes and prosperous gales, and escape tempests and squalls, they must finish their voyage in the Dead Sea.

When Death officiates as Butler, as we here see him, and draws the cork, it is from the waters of that horrid lake he pours out the nauseous beverage that all are compelled to drain from his hand. At his bidding the wine-bibber must visit other SHADES than those whither he has often so willingly repaired to partake of the inspiring glass, heedless of the ominous name. The Shades!—what a *memento mori* in that awfully-sounding word, which is nevertheless daily uttered by so many with so much gaiety! Hardly do they seem to reflect that the grisly spectre will ere long summon them from the wine-vault to that narrow vault where, instead of finding a banquet for their thirsty palates, they must themselves afford a banquet to the worm; to those shades where they themselves will be as shadows, where their glass will be broken, their bottle emptied, no more to be replenished; and their revelry silenced for ever.

W. H. L.

THE SHADES.

[Allusion having been made in the foregoing article to the well-known "SHADES" at the foot of *old* London Bridge, but which *shady* retreat will, ere long, be swept away, that its site may form a part of the entrance to the *new* one, we take the opportunity of inserting the following trifle, as a memento of that favourite resort, where, like good citizens, we have often paid our devoirs to Bacchus, and at the same time admired, with feelings *natural to an Englishman*, the wealth and commerce of the world borne majestically along on the bosom of "Old Father Thames."]

I SING not of SHADES which they tell of *below*,
 Where Pluto and Proserpine reign ;
 But I sing of the SHADES whither wine-bibbers go,
 Where a stream of Oporto doth constantly flow—
 A Lethe to wash away pain.

The Lethe of Tartarus, poets declare,
 Oblivious virtues possess'd ;
 But the Lethe *we* mean, metamorphoses care,—
 It inspires us to love and to cherish the Fair,
 And warms e'en the Anchoret's breast.

The sons of gay Bacchus their nectar here quaff—
And Sorrow, that “thirsty old soul,”
With the children of Momus, delighted, will laugh,
And swear that he ne’er was so happy by half
As when up to his chin in the bowl.

Wine, wine is the balm that assuages our pains ;
Come, fill—and the glasses push round ;
It cherishes love—so, take courage, ye swains,
And drink while a drop of the cordial remains—
For without it no bliss can be found.

Grim Death for a while shall his dart lay aside,
And even old Time shall stand still,
While mortals, enjoying the rich rosy tide,
Shall laugh at “dull Care,”—and, with true civic
pride,
Of wine, like the gods, take their fill.

Oh, haste to the SHADES, then, where wine-bibbers
meet,
Oh, haste to that fav’rite resort,
Where, in wet or dry weather, in cold or in heat,
All care is forgot in a snug elbow seat,
When of port you have drank a full quart.





THE WARRIOR.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

“ AYE, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume

On a proud and fearless brow!

I am the lord of the lonely tomb,

And a mightier one than thou!

“ Bid thy soul’s love farewell, young chief!

Bid her a long farewell!

Like the morning’s dew shall pass that grief—

Thou comest with me to dwell!

“ Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,

Thy steed o’er the breezy hill;

But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,

Narrow, and cold, and still!”

“ Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death?

And is thy day so near?

Then on the field shall my life’s last breath

Mingle with Victory’s cheer!

“ Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die,
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

“ High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death ! Death ! I fear thee not.”

“ Warrior ! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride !
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory's tide ?

“ It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine ;
It may be lone on the desert-sands,
Where men for fountains pine !

“ It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow dull steps, and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold !”

“ Death ! Death ! I go to a doom unblest’d,
If this indeed must be !
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

“ Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine ;
I bow my soul to the will of heaven,
O Death ! and not to thine !”

F. H.

THE WARRIOR.

It came upon the morning wind
One loud and thrilling tone,
And distant hills sent forth their voice,—
The trumpet-call was blown.

And sterner grew each stately brow
As that war-blast pass'd by,
And redder grew each warrior cheek,
Brighter each warrior eye.

But other cheeks grew pale to hear,
And other eyes grew dim;
Woman shares not man's battle joy,—
That joy is all for him.

The same blast lights the glance of flame,
Darkens the martial frown;
At which a woman's rose-lip fades,—
At which her heart sinks down

Proudly that trumpet sweeps thy hills,
Land of the sword and shrine,
It calls the soldier of the cross
To fight for Palestine.

It roused one tent, which stood apart
Within the barrier made
By many a green and creeping shrub
And one tall palm-tree's shade.

It roused a warrior and his bride—
His bride ! What doth she there ?
Oh, rather ask, when led by love,
What will not woman dare ?

Said I, her timid nature was
Like her cheek's timid hue;
But fearful though that nature be,
She hath her courage too.

Go ask the fever couch, the cell
Of guilt; she hath no part
In courage of the head and hand,
She hath that of the heart.

'Tis this has brought that gentle one
From her fair Provence bower,
Where in her husband's halls she dwelt,
Nurs'd like a lovely flower.

That trumpet-call, it roused them both
From a sweet dream of home,
Roused him to hopes that with such sound
To gallant spirits come.

And she,—at least she hid the fears
That clouded her fair brow,—
Her prayers had guarded him in fight,
Might they not guard him now?

She armed him, though her trembling hand
Shook like a leaf the while;—
The battle had his onward glance,
But she his lingering smile.

She brought the blue and broidered scarf,
Her colours for his breast;
But what dark dreary shape has brought
His helm and plumed crest?

Fell Shade ! they see, they heed thee not,
Thou of the noiseless wing,
The viewless shaft, the sudden call—
O Death, here is thy sting.

The lips would close in pious hope,
The eyes in willing sleep,
But for the tears, the bitter tears,
That love is left to weep.

'Tis evening—and the blood-red west
Has not so deep a red,
As hath that slaughter-field where lie
The dying and the dead.

'Tis midnight—and the clang of steel,
The human shout and cry,
Are silent as if sleep and peace
Were upon earth and sky.

The strife is past like other storms,
Soldier and chief are gone,
Yet lightly falls a woman's step—
What doth she there alone ?

'Tis she! the Provence Rose; oh, well
Such name beseems her now,
The pale and stony dead around
Wear not more ghastly brow.

Woe for her search—too soon she finds
Her valiant knight laid low;
Thou fatal helm, thou hast betrayed
His head to the life-blow.

One blasting gaze—one loud wild shriek,—
She sinks upon his breast:
O Death! thou hast been merciful,—
For both, both are at rest.

L. E. L.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

I.

THE Warrior's soul is kindling now
With wildly-blending fires,
He fondly breathes each raptured vow
That faithful love inspires ;
But not those whispered words alone
Arrest the Maiden's ear,
A prouder strain—a loftier tone,
Awakes the throb of fear !

II.

They hear the war-notes on the gale,
Before the tent they stand,
His form is clad in glittering mail,
The sword is in his hand ;
Her scarf around his arm is twined,
For love's remembering spell.
Ah ! would that kindred skill could bind
The links of life as well !

III.

The battle-steed is waiting nigh,
Nor brooks his lord's delay;
And eager troops are trampling by,
And wave their banners gay.
Nor boding dream, nor bitter care,
In that proud host are found,
While echoing through the startled air
The cheerful trumpets sound.

IV

The Maid, with mingled pride and grief,
Faint hopes, and withering fears,
Still gazes on the gallant Chief
Through dim impassioned tears.
He sees but Victory's golden wreath,
And love's unfading flame,
Nor thinks how soon the form of Death
May cross the path of fame!

V.

*"A last farewell—a last embrace,
And now for glory's plain!"*
Those parting accents left a trace
Of phrensy on her brain.

And when the Warrior's helm was brought
To crown his forehead fair,
Alas! the shuddering Maiden thought
'Twas DEATH that placed it there !

D. L. R.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The clashing of my armour in my ears,
 Sounds like a passing bell ; my buckler puts me
 In mind of 'a bier ; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
 To dig my grave."

The Lover's Progress.

"TWAS in that memorable year
 France threaten'd to put off in
 Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
 To be a British coffin,—
 To make sad widows of our wives
 And every babe an orphan.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
 And heads were dredg'd with flour,—
 I listed in the Tailors' Corps
 Against the battle hour ;
 A perfect Volunteer,—for why ?
 I brought my " will and pow'r."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's—overcast,—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast),—
There came a loud and sudden sound
That struck me all aghast !

A dismal sort of morning roll
That was not to be eaten ;
Although it was no skin of mine
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclos'd
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the teapot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot,
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe the way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging;
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of Death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, " Since Fate ordains it so,
Our coast the foe must land on ;"—
I felt warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon ;
And homes and hearths are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

" The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, " may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies,
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—Ah, me ! it felt
Like any felon's cap !

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest ;
My epaulettes like coffin plates ;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breastplate only lack'd
A little heap of salt
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault,
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclin'd me quite
To peace :—and here I am !
Whilst better Lions go to war,
Enjoying with the Lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A Martial epigram.

T. H.

THE RIVAL DEATHS.

A BATTLE SCENE.

It was at Agincourt ! and proudly waved
 The gory bannerols ; and falchions fell,
 From either host, right greedily ; while groans
 And imprecations deep, foul oaths and prayers
 The clangour swell'd !—Thus Goldsmith's page de-
 clares.

But, spite of things unseemly ; spite of legs,
 From hip-bones torn, of arms where legs should be,
 Quick-sighted wights, that love of laughter plagues,
 'Mong bloody trunks, will cause for grinning see.

In front of Henry's knights a warrior stood,
 Perfum'd and whisk'rified, with val'rous ribands
 strew'd,
 For ribands gave (my chronicler doth hold)
 A wondrous sight of soul to men of old :
 They fought for silken knots and ladies' eyes ;
 For broken limbs we seek another prize ;

And though so many boast of glorious scars,
For trophies such, alone, few covet wars.

Our Gallic Baron was of high descent :
To Clovis traced ; his blood still farther went ;
For Pharamond, he oft persisted in,
Was “ *ligne ignoble*” and “ *moderne origine*.”
De sa mère, * not a word, save Pistol's jest,
Or Falstaff's broader hint, that told the rest.

Talbot swore loud ; his blade stern Bedford drew ;
The warrior bow'd, and thus : “ *écoutez tous !* †

Mon Isabelle, I declare,

Is *de fairest* of *de fair* !

Qui me dédit, qu'il avance !

Vive Isabelle et la FRANCE ! ‡

He scarce, thrice bowing, this great *nasal* spoke,
When angry Warwick's mace his *nasum* § broke :
In scented rills now ran the purple tide,
And scarf alike and precious ribands dyed.

* Poor girl ! to be mated, so hasty was she,
She forgot there were banns, and a pastor, and fee.

† List, all of you !

‡ Who says nay : behold my lance !
Praise my love, and honour FRANCE !

§ His nose.

One soothing thought, at least, his mistress calmed—
Long ere the baron fell, he was embalmed.

To the grave now consign'd, with the gifts of his
 queen,
O'er the warrior's remains a contention arose;
And the combatants both were the strangest of foes,
Sith neither had flesh or an eye to be seen.*

The first, in the kingdom of Albion held sway,
And his pow'r not a monarch on earth could control;
The next through the regions of Gaul took his prowl,
And claw'd up all mortals that came in his way.

ALBION.

“ He is MINE, by the laws of my land, I protest,
For I claim'd the fair mould in the which he was cast,
Beyond a full score of long years that are past,
When the baron, his sire, in Britain was blest.”

GAUL.

“ And he's MINE, by the bones of a trillion of dead !
Mort ou vif, c'est à moi que le drôle appartient. †

* The rival Deaths: Albion and Gaul.

† Full of life and of musk, or of maggots, he's Mine !

Will you steal from a parent the child it has bred ?
C'est du père, et tout seul, qu'un garçon nous pro-
vient !" *

ALBION.

" From the mother he springs !"

GAUL.

" *Point du tout, c'est du père !*" †

ALBION.

" Take thy bones to thy care ;
 Else, thou leanest of things,
 I shall break them, I swear !"

GAUL.

" *De mes os, beau Luron,*
Je ferai mon affaire ;
Il me faut le baron,
Quelqu' en soit le salaire !" †

* To the fathers the boys all your sages assign.

† " From the father the heir !"

‡ 'Bout my bones, my jolly buck,
 Are ye *sure* of your good luck ?
 But the body I shall take,
 Even *were* my bones at stake !

Then, prattling and battling, the rattling grew loud;
Your Briton with cuffs, and your Gallic with kicks;
O! never were wrestlers so rich in fine tricks,
As these quarrelsome Deaths for a chap in a shroud!

Alas! what dreadful woes from trifles spring!
For *orts*, a dog is wroth;—for *less*, a king.
There's death in nods, and death in tennis-balls;*
Let but a mistress † pout, yon nation falls.

On couch of sable down, great Pluto napp'd;
Black sheets of spiders' web the god enwrapp'd;
And bats and owls about his temples flapp'd,
To keep him cool: no barking at the porch;
No light from furnace blaze, or Gorgon torch;
The Cyclops stood asleep with hammers up,
And Vulcan, stretch'd, had quaff'd his nectar cup,
When *in* the champions rush'd. Oh, plaguy hap!
How hard so soon to break such kindly nap!
“Swiftly, bid Minos to the council speed!”
The monarch cried. “Let all our victims bleed;
Whirl, whirl your racks and spits; your caldrons fill;
Give Albion flesh; bring blood for Gaul to swill:

* Tennis-balls were sent by the Dauphin of France to Henry V. of England, to mock him as a child unfit for war.

† Madame de Maintenon often altered the resolutions of Louis XIV.

No friends have we,
 By land or sea,
 So zealous, sure, with sword and ball to slay,
 As England, first, no doubt! and France the gay."

AUX DAMES.

Now, my gentlest of readers, to you let me state
 What became of the baron's poor carcass at last;
 Not a word shall escape on the quibbles that pass'd,
 So well it is known you detest a debate.

His brains, to be short, in sweet lavender boil'd,
 Were decreed as pomatum for Proserpine's hair;
 His soul, it was prov'd an immortal affair,
 Then left on red coals for its sins to be broil'd.

To carnivorous Britain, the judges declar'd,
 Should all but the bones of the warrior be given;
 Tho' for *smell*, had he never from England been driven,
 None with Gaul to contest for the morsel had dar'd.

But touching the ribands there seem'd much ado,
 As though 'twas a case so perplexing to settle;—
 Should not satin for shackles outvalue rough metal,
 To fetter, FAIR READERS, such sinners as you?

M. de L. V.





THE GLUTTON.

THE APOPLECTIC.

A TALE.

THIS metaphor each rustic knows,—
 Frail man is like the flower that blows
 At morn : before the beam of day,
 In air the dew-drop melts away,
 The evanescent blossom fades ;
 And, long before the mellow shades
 Of even cover tower and tree,
 And all the varied scenery
 Like a pale shroud, it withering lies
 Before the mower's scythe and dies.
 Death is the mower ; and who can
 Deny his mastery o'er man ?

Fond man ! who eyes the coming hour
 As if already in his power,
 O'erlooking all that lies between
 The foreground and the distant scene ;
 Or, drawing large from Fancy's store,
 Bids fairy landscapes spread before

His raptured gaze, till he believe
All real, and himself deceive.
Too late, he finds the dazzling gleam
Reflects nor lake, nor glittering stream ;
The mead, the forest, flowery glade,
The rocky dell, the dark cascade,
The gelid fount, the mystic grot,
And all on that romantic spot
And rich imaginative scene
Vanish as though they ne'er had been.

Tom Dewlap thought time made for him,
So used it to indulge his whim ;
And, equally, believing all
The good on this terrestrial ball
Created for his sole delight,
Lived but to please his appetite.
His sire, (Tom was an only son),
Had Fortune's choicest favours won ;
A careful citizen, who knew
Man may with toil all things subdue ;
That pence grow shillings, and these rise
To pounds in purses of the wise :
A man, who thought the world was made
But as materials for trade.
He fell, as other mortals fall,
And Tom became the heir of all

His cash, his lands, his bonds, his stock,
Which greatly weakened the shock
To the heir's nerves ; and the old man
Had measur'd out his mortal span.

As the pent torrent sleeps in rest,
Reflecting from its lucid breast,
Scarce rippled by the sighing breeze,
The sky, the clouds, rocks, banks, and trees ;
But, in a moment, burst the mound,
It rolls in thunder o'er the ground ;
In circling eddies boils afar,
Involving in the wat'ry war
Fields, gardens, cottages ; till, wide
Spreading a lake from side to side,
It sinks, exhales, or scarcely fills
The scanty channels of some rills :
So wealth, like water, bursts the cords
That bind it in the miser's hoards ;
And, though beneath his Argus' eye,
The counted ingots safely lie,
Yet, spite of all his sleepless care,
They will be scatter'd by his heir.

Tom knew this fact, and thought it just
That wealth should circulate, and must:

The only truth, at Brazen-nose,
Which in his mem'ry would repose ;
And, now, like philosophic wight,
He proved it practically right.
For this, he hired cooks, who knew
Not the old-fashioned roast and stew ;
But how to concentrate a leg
Of beef in compass of an egg ;
The essence from a ham express ;
Display a turbot in full dress ;
Make perigot and lobster-pie,
And tickle oysters till they cry,
With the excess of ecstasy,
“ Come eat me ! eat me ! or I die.”

Such were Tom's cooks ; his table owned
Their excellence, and deeply groaned
With their productions, formed to make
The dullest appetite awake.
Philosophers may boast of mind ;
Wits of the wreaths by Fancy twined ;
Churchmen discourse of Paradise
Prospective for the good and wise ;
Heroes of Fame, kings of their power,—
Enough for Tom that blissful hour,
When steaming viands graced the board
That owned him as its bounteous lord.

Death, like a cormorant, stood by,
Watching these doings silently :
Smiled forth a smile of grim delight,
Like lightning flash at dead of night,
And, cogitating on the way
That should secure Tom as his prey,
Resolved the masquerader's art
To try, and chose a waiter's part.
He something of the craft had seen
At civic festivals, I ween ;
And, like his friends assembled there,
Death thinks of business ev'ry where.
Besides, he had improved his skill
In varying the modes to kill ;
Studied attentively the books
Of Kitchener and other cooks ;
And found the contents of a cruet
As well as sword or pill would do it.
Of pill he knew the power, for he
Had dwelt with an apothecary,
And, often, been within the walls
Of many famous hospitals.
He could a nervous fibril prick
To sap life's citadel with tick ;
Rupture a vessel in the brain
The apoplectical to gain ;

And cherish the bright crimson streak
That paints the hectic maiden's cheek,
Like the wild rose-bud's vermil bloom
Warming the marble of the tomb.
With these acquirements Death stood by,
And watch'd Tom's doings eagerly.

'Twas near the close of a bright day,
In infancy of lovely May,
Tom sat, half dozing, in his chair,
Alike devoid of thought and care ;
Dreaming of what he had designed,
A dinner suited to his mind,
A cod's head dressed as head should be,
Chef-d'ouvre of good cookery.
He, too, expected, as his guest,
A friend of kindred soul and taste,
A man exact.—Tom eyed the door ;—
He gave two minutes and no more :
His watch proclaimed the moment gone,
His maxim was to wait for none :
The bell the summons spoke ; were placed
The chairs, the head the table graced
Swallowed a dinner-pill, and in
The napkin tuck'd beneath the chin,
Tom look'd as joyous and elate
As monarch in the pride of state.

But had he seen, through his disguise,
The spectre form of Death arise ;
The naked skull, the sockets void,
The lipless mouth from side to side,
The hollow ribs, the fleshless legs,
Tom, spite of his poor gouty pegs,
Had fled ; and left, for once at least,
The much-anticipated feast.
Nor saw, nor thought he danger nigh.
Death ranged the sauces in his eye ;
Extolling this,—none could that match,
Burgess, nor Harvey, nor Corrach.
Tom knew the whole, but smiled to find
His man such skill and taste combin'd ;
Then picked, with practised hand, each bit
His palate critical to hit ;
Mingled the sauce ; and then—ah ! then,
Sad destiny of mortal men,
Whose hopes, while yet they blossom, die ;
Whose joys like rainbow colours fly ;
Whose expectations, still, appear
Like shadows of things coming near
Which ne'er arrive, an airy train
Pictured by Fancy on the brain.—
Ah ! then—what means that vacant stare ?
Why sinks Tom backwards in his chair ?

Why start his eyeballs from his head ?
His face with purple is o'erspread !
That snorting sound ! is he asleep ?
Those gurgles in his bosom deep ;
That sob convulsive ; that long pause ;
That deep-fetched breath, the last he draws,
And those contortions, all declare
A deed of Death is doing there.

A. T. T.

THE
COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I FEAR, said the Stomach, addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be in vain ;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear,
And such are the labours that fall to my share,
That, unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the
road.

* * * * *

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,
Which serve as a whet to some favourite dish,
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade—
Are really too much for my delicate frame ;
And to burden me thus is an absolute shame.
But I do not complain, altho' hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place,
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive,
That some other members have reason to grieve ;

There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you
about,

Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble, you scarcely can pass
To your neighbour the bottle, or fill him a glass.—
And further the Stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined, took up the debate.
“Did you speak to the Brain?” said a low piping
voice;

(It was just before dinner), I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some 't'as been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill),
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of
thinking,

So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told, there was ‘Death in the
pot.’—

But the sauce is preparing to season the fish;
When too late 'twill be found, there is Death in the
dish.”



THE HUNTERS LEAP

DEATH AND THE HUNTER.

HER beams all rosy the morning flings
O'er valley and hill, where music rings,—
But 'tis not the sky-bird's song so sweet,
Nor the wood-thrush that cheers the fawn's retreat;
It is not the nightingale's tuneful spell

That swells the wild depths of the forest along,
For she to our isle hath bid farewell,

And sung to the groves her parting song—
Shed their last blossoms the weeping shades,
When through the forest's lone arcades,
Sighed the last echo of her lay,
As to fairer climes she winged her way,
Where brighter moons and richer flowers
Illume and deck her gorgeous bowers.

And now,—no thrilling midnight song
Is heard the desolate woods among,
Save the voice of the ruffian winds that rove

With lawless force abroad, and rend
The rich-tinted wreaths from bower and grove,
That beneath their gusty tyranny bend;

While as in their might and their wrath they roam,
They fright the dove from her ravaged home.

And now,—no harmony by day
Is heard, save the redbreast's pensive lay;
His warbled dirge-notes o'er the grave

Where summer, wrapped in rose-leaf shroud,
Sleeps while the wintry tempests rave,

Till the sun in splendour waxes proud,
And to life the spell-bound goddess wakes,
Who, as onward, rejoicing, her path she takes,
Pomp, beauty, and odours, and riches showers,
'Turning our clime into Eden's bowers!

What music floats then on the early gale
Down Autumn's long-withdrawing vale?

It is the shrill and mellow horn
That wakes the echoes of the morn,
And with it come the hunter's yell,
And death-cry in harmonious swell,
Of the dew-snuffing hounds from far,
With all the rout of sylvan war.

Heart-buoyant as the amber-coloured cloudlet rent
By the wanton winds 'mid the firmament;
With cheek of the morn, and joy-lighted eye
That rivals the tint of the sunny sky:

And merry as the lark that floats embowered
In that cloudlet, with gold so splendidly showered,
The gay youthful hunter backs his steed
And urges him with headlong speed
O'er moorland, heath, wilds mountainous,
Nor fears down rugged steeps to rush,
The antlered king of the shades to chase,
Whose swiftness long maintains the race.

Hark, the fierce halloo through the forest resounds !
As full in sight the wild stag bounds ;
Then darts away, like a beam of light,
While the hunters pursue like a thunder-cloud of
night !

Caps high are waved to cheer the glad rout,
While the valleys re-echo with their hoarse savage
shout.

But here is one of that motley crew
On a shadowy steed of ghastly hue,
'Tis Death on his pale horse who follows the throng,
But joins not the laugh, the shout, or the song.
Ha ! who lies there with blood-streaming wound ?
The young hunter his courser hath dashed to the
ground !

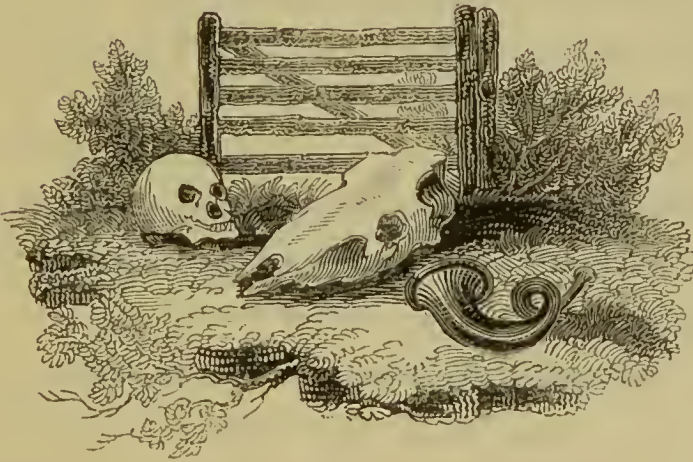
With that sad groan fled his last breath—
Thy human game is won, O Death !

On, on his gay companions speed,
They heard not his fall, they saw not his steed
Beside his master groaning lie,
Lingering out life in agony !

Rose cloudless the hunter's moon that night,
As the horse and his rider together lay ;
On the blood-stained stones fell her pale light,
That trembled at the crimson hue,
Now blended with the evening dew,
While paler than that pale moon-ray
The hunter youth, at morn so gay,
Stretched his cold limbs, forgetful quite
Of the merry chase and the banquet night !
Silence reigned round that lonely place,
Far, far away were the sons of the chase ;
Amid the hall in noisy glee
At feast and tipsy revelry.
Far, far away was the maid of truth,
Who fondly loved that hunter youth ;
She gazed on the radiant star of night,
She thought on her lover, and chid his stay,
She watched the clouds in their lofty flight
As they crossed the moon in dim array ;
Then sadly told the lingering hour,
As the clock struck slow from the village tower !

Ah! little did she think that moon,
To the night-wearied pilgrim so rich a boon—
On the gore-clotted locks of her lover were flinging
Its pitying beam, as cold he lay,
With death-glazed eye by his “gallant gray,”
While round him the shadowy woods were ringing
With the dirge of the screech-owl, whose frightful
tones
Were mingled with the dying courser’s groans!

J. F. P.



THE FATAL GATE.

STAY—stay—young Nimrod ! reign thy steed,
For there is one who mocks thy speed ;
I see him on thy path obtrude ;—
Pursuer !—thou hast been pursued.

Expert thou art, and strong thy horse,
But what avails or skill or force ?
That hoof of horn is cased in steel—
An arrow pierced Achilles' heel.

Then pause awhile, the peril shun,
Tempt not yon bar—Fate lurks beneath ;
Infatuate fool !—the deed is done ;
That gate hath proved the gate of Death.

H. D.

THE HUNTER'S LEAP.

TOM HEADLONG was a lover of the chase—

We want a stronger name than that of lover—
His day was but a long-continued race,
The only plan Tom had to get time over,
Who thought Life's movements nothing had to boast,
Unless its rate was that of going post.

His conversation had no other course

Than that presented to his simple view ;
Of what concerned his saddle, groom, or horse,
Beyond this theme he little cared or knew :
Tell him of beauty, and harmonious sounds,
He'd show his mare, and talk about his hounds.

Oh, fam'd Pythagoras ! would but thy plan

Of transmigration find belief in many,
'Twould check at least some cruelty in man,
To think he must become the brute, if any
Had suffered from him in its worldly station,
For then he'd fear a just retaliation.

But this, you'll say, is nothing but digression—

Contrivance to prolong a simple tale—

Or else to make a figure in expression,

A sort of make-weight if your story fail,—

So, to be brief, we'll use no more delay,

But put the mighty Hunter on his way.

The gallant bay that Headlong mounted, then,

Would something have to urge in its defence,

If in its course of speed it fail'd, and when

It barely cleared the mound, the dyke, the fence,

That in its hoof a nail was pressing sore,

And damped its ardour, though it could no more.

But now the scent is gaining on the wind,

The sounds of sylvan war are on the ear;

The generous courser, never left behind,

Springs to the cry,—his rivals in the rear

Follow, but where his onward pace is bent,

As if to yield the palm they gave consent.

Awhile the efforts of the generous steed

(Cheer'd by the hounds and hunter's loud halloo),

Sustained the conflict with his wonted speed,—

And now the distant game is in his view ;

But here a check, a momentary pause ;

And for the leap, the hunter bridle draws.

Nor slack the gallant bay—his chest he bears
In act to spring, when now the topmost bar
Strikes the pain'd hoof—and vainly now he rears—
His efforts fail,—he falls—and distant far
The prostrate rider feels (with parting breath
And shortened sobs) the icy hand of Death.

The merry sportsmen pass him by,
And deem some stunning blow
Has laid him,—so they let him lie,
While on they cheering go.
But none take warning by his fate,
Though Death upon the leap should wait.

SIMON SUREFOOT.

CHILDE THE HUNTER.

(By the Author of " Dartmoor.")

FEW roam the heath, e'en when the sun
The golden sun is high ;—
And the leaping, laughing streams are bright,
And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills
Descends the giant cloud,
And the lightning leaps from Tor to Tor,
And the thunder-peal is loud :—

Heaven aid that hapless traveller then
Who o'er the wild may stray,
For bitter is the moorland storm,
And man is far away.

Yet blithe the highland hunter leaves
His cot at early morn,
And on the ear of Winter pours
The music of his horn :—

The eye of highland hunter sees
No terrors in the cloud;
His heart quakes not at the lightning flash,
Nor the thunder long and loud!

Yet oft the shudd'ring peasant tells
Of him in days of yore,
Who in the sudden snow-storm fell—
The Nimrod of the moor!

And when the Christmas tale goes round
By many a peat fireside,
The children list, and shrink to hear
How Childe of Plymstoke died.

The lord of manors fair and broad,—
Of gentle blood was he,—
Who loved full well the mountain chase
And mountain liberty.

Slow broke the cheerless morn—the cloud
Wreathed every moorland hill;
And the thousand brooks that cheer'd the heath
In sunny hours, were still.

For Winter's wizard spell had check'd
Their all-rejoicing haste ;
And flung a fearful silence o'er
The solitary waste.

When Childe resolved with hound and horn,
To range the forest wide ;
And seek the noble red-deer where
The Plym's dark waters glide.

Of sportsmen brave, who hunted then
The leader bold was he,
And full in the teeth of the dread north wind
He led that company.

They rous'd the red-deer from his lair,
Where those dark waters glide ;—
And swifter than the gale he fled
Across the forest wide.

With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout
The old Tor hurried by ;
And they startled the morn, with the merry horn
And the stanch hound's echoing cry.

The moorland eagle left his cliff—
The hawk soar'd far away—
And with that shout and cheer they scar'd
The raven from his prey.

They followed through the rock-strew'd glen;—
They plung'd through the river's bed;—
And scal'd the hill-top where the Tor
Uplifts his hoary head.

That gallant deer with an arrow's speed
Launch'd by an archer strong,
O'er hill and plain—through brake and fen
Bore still his course along.

Now through the flashing stream he darts,
The wave aside he flings;—
Now o'er the cataract's bright arch
With fearless leap he springs !

And many a chasm yawning wide
With a desperate bound he clears;—
Anon like a shadow he glances by
The rock of six thousand years !

But now swift sailing on the wind
The bursting cloud drew near ;
And there were sounds upon the gale,
Might fill the heart with fear !

And one by one, as fast the clouds
The face of heav'n deform,
Desert the chase and wildly shun
The onset of the storm.

And some there were, who deem'd they heard
Strange voices in the blast ;—
And some—that on the shudd'ring view,
A form mysterious pass'd ;—

Who rode a shadowy courser, that
A mortal steed might seem ;—
But left no hoof-mark on the ground,
No foam upon the stream !

'Twas fancy all ;—yet from his side,
The jovial crew are gone ;
And Childe across the desert heath
Pursues his way—alone.

He threaded many a mazy bog,—
He dashed through many a stream ;—
But lost—bewilder'd—check'd his steed,
At evening's latest gleam.

For far and wide the highland lay
One pathless waste of snow,
He paus'd—the angry heav'n above,
The faithless bog below.

He paus'd !—and soon through all his veins
Life's current feebly ran ;
And—heavily—a mortal sleep
Crept o'er the dying man :—

The dying man—yet Love of Life
In this his hour of need,
Uprais'd the master's hand to spill,
The heart-blood of his steed !

And on th' ensanguin'd snow that steed
Hath stretched his noble form ;—
A shelter from the biting blast—
A bulwark to the storm :—

In vain—for swift the bleak wind pil'd
 The snow-drift round the corse ;
 And Death, his victim struck within
 The disembowell'd horse.

Yet one dear wish—one tender thought
 Came o'er that hunter brave ;—
 To sleep at last in hallow'd ground,
 And find a Christian grave—

And ere he breath'd his latest sigh,
 And day's last gleam was spent,
 He with unfaltering finger wrote
 His bloody * testament.

* The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave
 The lands of Plymstoke he shal have.

A tradition has existed in the Moor, and is noticed by several authors, that John Childe, of Plymstock, a gentleman of large possessions, and a great hunter, whilst enjoying that amusement during an inclement season, was benighted, lost his way, and perished through cold, near Fox Tor, in the south quarter of the forest ; after taking the precaution to kill his horse, and, for the sake of warmth, to creep into its bowels, leaving a paper denoting that whoever should bury his body should have his lands at Plymstock.

Childe had previously declared his intention to bestow his lands on the church wherein he might be buried, and these circumstances com-

ing to the knowledge of the monks of Tavistock, they eagerly seized the body and were conveying it to that place; but learning, on the way, that some people of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept the prey, they cunningly ordered a bridge to be built out of the usual track, thence pertinently called Guile Bridge, and, succeeding in their object, became possessed of, and enjoyed the lands until the dissolution, when the Russel family received a grant of them, and it still retains them.

In memory of Childe a tomb was erected to him in a plain a little below Fox Tor, which was standing about fifteen years since, when Mr. Windeatt, having received a new take or allotment, in which the tomb was included, *nearly destroyed it, by appropriating some of the stones for building and door steps!* (Its form is correctly preserved in one of the vignettes belonging to the poem Dartmoor). The whole, when perfect, wore an antique and impressive appearance.

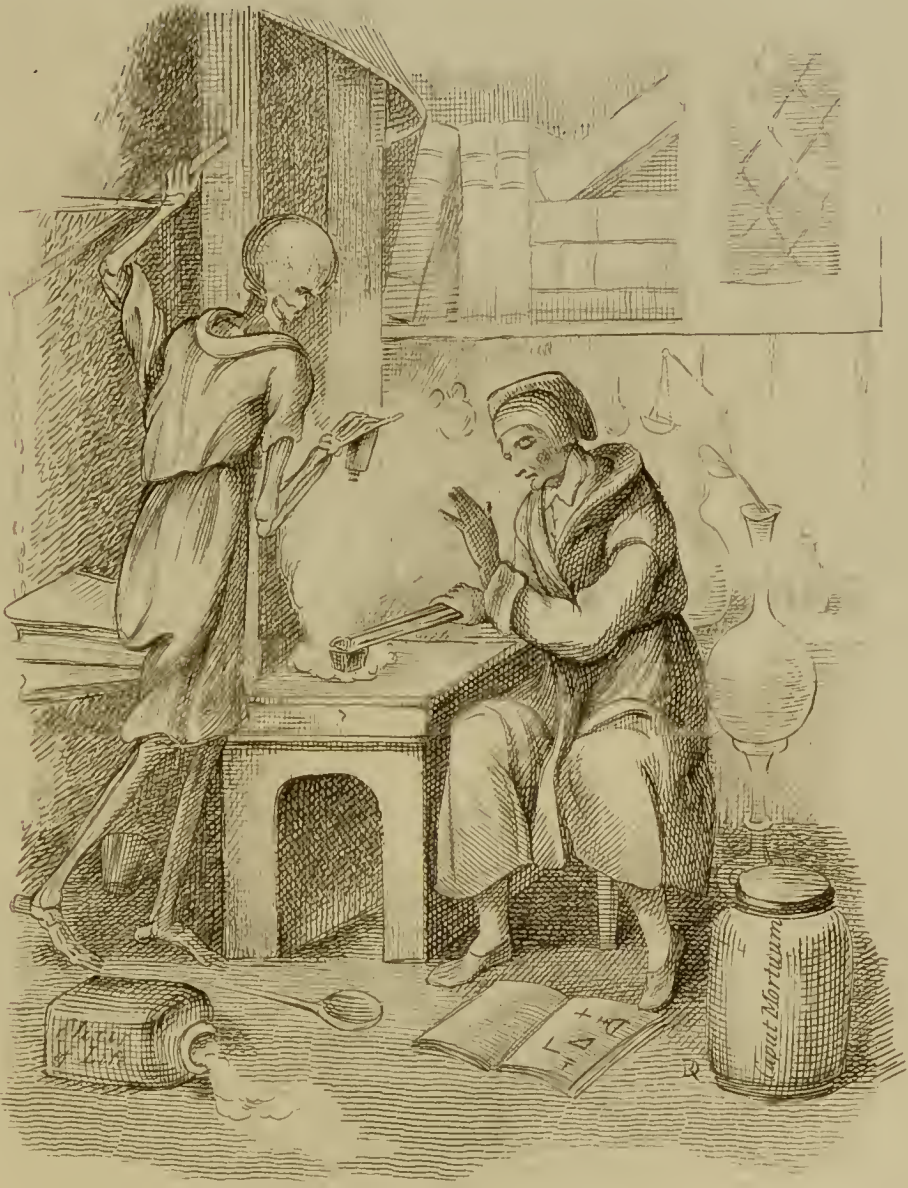
The author of this note found the socket and groove for the cross, and part of the cross itself, during an excursion in the south quarter of the moor, in the summer of 1824. The socket had been sunk into the ground by some friendly hand, and the remains of the cross placed in it; but as it was near the road side leading from Cadaford Bridge to Ivy Bridge, he took the cross out, and placed it by the side of the groove, to prevent the too probable mischief which its prominent situation might occasion to it from any Visigoth who might be disposed still further to injure the venerable remains.

N. T. C.

THE ALCHYMIST.

TOILING from eve to morn, and morn to eve,
Himself deceiving—others to deceive,
Behold the Alchymist! On dreams intent,
The better portion of his life is spent;
Though disappointed ever,—still the same,
He calmly lays on accident, the blame;
Nor palsied form, pale face, and sunken eye,
Can to his firm opinions give the lie.
Existence wanes amid these dreary sports,
His only friends are crucibles, retorts;
Jealous of fame—yet certain to excel,
He labours lonely in his secret cell;
What shadowy form doth now his bellows ply,
And smiles a ghastly smile on Alchymy!
’Tis *Death*!—th’ elixir’s spilt—and lost the prize,
And in the folly of his life he dies.

J. J. L.



THE ALCHEMIST.

CONTENTMENT,

THE TRUE ALCHEMY OF LIFE.

AGES roll on; but man, unchanging still,
 O'er Mammon's furnace bends with ceaseless care,
 Fans it with sighs, and seeks, with subtlest skill,
 The mystic stone;—yet never finds it *there*.

What if possess?—its price is faded health;
 Death comes at last, and speaks these words of
 Fate:—

“If all were gold, then gold no more were wealth!”
 Too fatal truth!—and learnt, alas! too late.

Contentment! angel of the placid brow!
Thine is the bright and never-fading gem—
 The stone of *true* philosophy, which thou
 Hast placed beyond the regal diadem.

Sweet Alchymist ! for thee how few will spurn
Wealth's glittering chains, though happier far to
hold

That hallowed talisman whose touch can turn
Life's seeming ills to more than Fortune's gold.

Thine is the Eldorado of the heart :

The halcyon clime of cloudless peace is thine :
Angel ! to me that sacred gift impart,
And let me ever worship at thy shrine.

H. D.

ALCHYMY.

“ To solemnize this day, the glorious Sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye
 The meagre cloddy earth to glitt’ring gold.”

Shakspeare.

“ [*An explosion within.*]

“ *Subtle.*—God, and all Saints, be good to us! What’s that?

Face.—O, Sir, we are defeated! All the works
 Are flown *in fumo*: ev’ry glass is burst—
 Furnace and all, rent down!—As if a bolt
 Had thunder’d thro’ the house.
Retorts, receivers, pellicans, bolt-heads,
 All struck in shivers!

[*Subtle falls down.*]

Help, good Sir! Alas,
 Coldness and *Death* invade him!”

Ben Jonson’s Alchymist.

ALCHYMY, the pretended art of prolonging life by a panacea, of transmuting the baser metals into gold, and other wonders, affects also the highest antiquity; it is however probably the fruit of ignorance, grafted upon the remains of ancient chymistry

about the time of the revival of learning in Europe. Its evil was in giving birth to some of those bubbles by which knavery is ever preying upon folly and avidity: its good has been the fortuitous discoveries to which we owe the progress of medicine, chymistry, and the arts—a Lavoisier, a Cavendish, and a Davy!

If still there is any one who aims at the *alkahest*, universal solvent, or elixir of life,—if he would obtain the *philosopher's stone* which transmutes the metals, or if he would discover the elements of matter, let him not apply to Sir Humphrey for his electro-chymical apparatus which severed the alkalis,—nor seek, with safety in the midst of danger, the explosive mines of the earth by the light of his *Davy*,—nor tempt the ocean in search of these wonders sheathed and shielded by his *Protectors*:—let him not trouble himself with the *salt*, *sulphur*, and *mercury* of the *Adepti*.^{*} Above all, let him not seek the aid of *Aureolus Philippus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hoenheim*,[†] for they will all

^{*} The Alchymists have a tradition, that there are always twelve *Adepti*, or possessors of the philosopher's stone, panacea, &c.; and that, as frequently as they are exploded by Death, their places are supplied by new Adepts.

[†] *Paracelsus* boasted of being able, by his *elixir proprietatis*, to pro-

equally fail him; while there is one so rich and knowing in hermetic art, that the elements, the philosopher's stone, and the alkahest, are all at his finger's ends,—one (the sole hope of the alchymist) who can analyze all, transmute all, and dissolve all! —The greatest of chymists!—the Davy of Davys!

OLD DAVY!!

Accordingly, in the design before us, the artist has introduced the *Alchymist* at his furnace, anxiously watching his crucible, while the *elixir of life* is running out, and *Death*, unperceived, is blowing the coals, holding in his hand the *powder of projection* which is about to consummate by an explosion the deluded Alchymist and his vain endeavours.

long the life of man to the age of Methusalah,—nor is this wonderful in one who declared he held conversation with *Galen* and *Avicenna* at the gates of Hell, and obtained secrets in physic from the Devil himself.—Nevertheless, *Death*, envious of his power, *overturned his elixir*, and took him off in revenge, at a little more than 40 years of age, that he might not depopulate by his art the grim empire of the King of Terrors.

His followers believe, however, “that he is not dead, but still lives in his tomb, whither he retired,” (like Johanna Southcot, and like her too,) “weary of the vices and follies of mankind!” Notwithstanding all the extravagances of *Paracelsus*, the world is indebted to him for many useful discoveries; and it is still a question whether himself or *Carpue*, a name again to be associated with a *Harvey*, an *Abernethy*, and a *Hunter*, first introduced mercury into medicine!

But who, let us seriously inquire, and what, is this all-potent Alchymist, Death?

“Death is Life, and Life is Death,” said *Euripides*; and so said *Plato*, and so said the *Eastern Sages*. If then Death be Life, as the wise and virtuous of all ages have believed, the question recurs, what is Life?

Life, says the Beauty, is admiration and gay attire;—it is dice and dash, says the Spendthrift;—it is gain, says the Merchant and the Miser; it is power, says the Prince. Yet the Alchymist looks for it in an elixir. But Death dethrones the Prince—breaks the Merchant and Miser—out-dashes the Spendthrift and the Belle, and spills the elixir of Life.

Life is action, says the Cricketer;—it is a feast, says the Glutton;—it is a bubble, says the Philosopher: but Death bursts the Philosopher’s bubble, gormandizes the Glutton, and bowls out the Cricketer.

It is fees, says the Physician;—it is judgment and execution, says the Judge;—it is all vanity, says the Parson: but Death humbles the Parson’s vanity,

executes the Judge and his judgments, and takes fee of the Physician and his Patients too !

Thou art then a very Proteus, Death ; at once a Miser, a Merchant, and a Prince,—thou art a Game, a Glutton, and a Bubble,—thou art Justice to the injured, a Physician to the sick, and a humbler of Vanity,—thou art Master of the Ceremonies of Life, sporting with it in every form, and we have sported with thee !

Thus, view them however we may, Life and Death are endless paradoxes ; the love of the one, and the fear of the other, are unquestionably imprinted in our nature for wise purposes—they gain and lose strength,—they rise and fall—and in all their movements they *dance together*.

That these passions, however useful and necessary, relatively to our natural state, are equally vain and fallacious in an absolute and moral sense, has long been admitted by the philosopher : and that they may be so to common sense, we have only to consider that it is as natural to die as to be born—that Death and Life are merely figurative of the two general relations, being and cessation ; and that

Death, in particular, the grim King of Terrors, is only a personification—the Pluto of the Poets—an animated skeleton, or *anatomie vivante* of the imagination; so that, as we cannot paint white without black, we cannot represent Death without Life.

If however these passions are ever so vain and illusive, their effects are no less actual and certain, and of difficult mastery: it eminently deserves our concern, therefore, that we should so cultivate and control them, that we may continue life with enjoyment, and quit it without regret; and since it is a fact, that man loves and desires only *good*, and fears only *ill*,—so long as life is a good he loves it, and when it becomes an evil he loathes it. The sum of our aim then is, that as evil is but the consequence of ill action, and we dread not Death nor desire Life for themselves, we have only to act well, that we may live without fear, and die without despair.

These impressions are accordingly strongest in early life, and, when our course is right, they appear to decline as we advance, and to become ultimately feeble and extinct; so that by degrees, beautifully suited to a virtuous progress, Heaven disengages us altogether from the love of Life and the fear of Death.

Having disposed of the great Transmuter and his elder children, let us turn our eye, ere we close, to the more recent offspring of the Plutonic family, many of whom are no less worthy of celebrity than their elder brethren, and of whom, particularly deserving of record, are *Goldman*, formerly of the King's Mews,—*Peter Woulfe*, of Barnard's Inn, and the renowned *Sigismund Bæstrom*, (with whose prefixes and affixes we are not acquainted, but) whose father was (as he averred) physician to Frederic the Great. There are yet living those who mourn the memory of Bæstrom, who, alas! having consumed all the gold he could lay his hands on in search of the philosopher's stone,—*finished his projection* a debtor in the King's Bench.

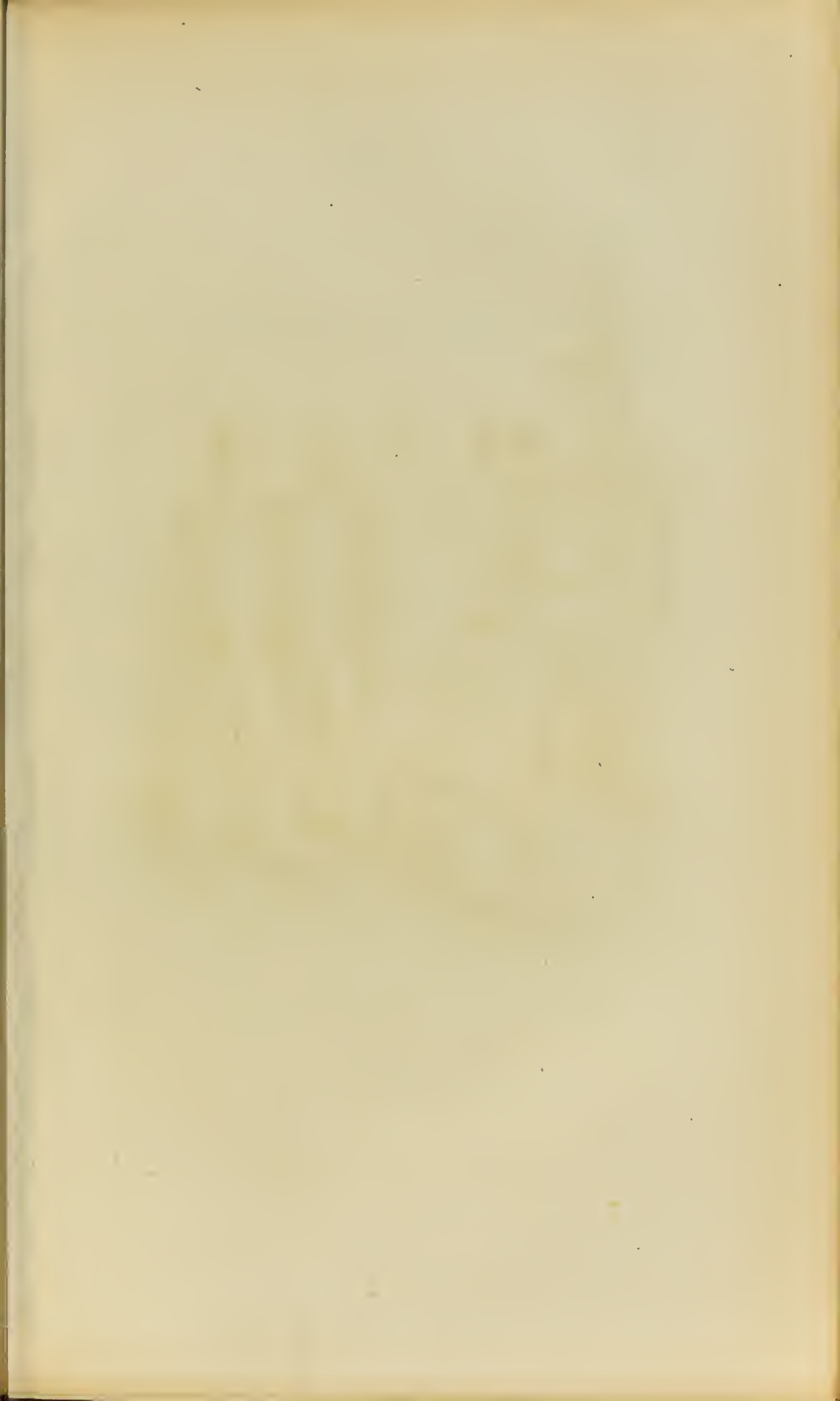
As to ———, he CONSUMED *his coals* at an apartment in the Mews, which he enjoyed through royal bounty, and where, deeply engaged one night amid his retorts and athanors by the glimmer of a small lamp, a luckless wight of a chimney-sweeper, or as some say a stoaker, crept in unperceived, and peeped over the old man's shoulder, who, happening to turn round, and seeing, as he imagined, the Devil at his elbow, became so alarmed, that he never recovered the shock, but died—and with him, perhaps, one of the last of the Adepti.

We say perhaps? For the ashes of Alchymy are still hot. That it should yet occupy ardent imaginations amid the gloom, poverty, and oppression of the forests of Germany, is not so astonishing, as that it should still have votaries in the metropolis of Britain, where the light shines upon the free, and so many easier ways of making gold are known, and that there should be still found persons of reputed understanding who are willing to be *deluded by men, wretchedly poor, who profess the art of making gold!*

But imagination has ever been the tyrant of the mind, exciting enthusiasm, of which knavery takes advantage, and folly is the food it feeds on.

* * * Those who would enter further into the history of Alchymy may consult Boerhave; and for later information, "A Sketch of the History of Alchymy," by Mr. Brande, in the New Annual Register for 1819.

G. F.





ACADEMIC HONORS.

ACADEMIC HONOURS.

UNDER the shadow of green laurel leaves
 The poet marcheth, with unfaltering breath ;
 And from the glory which his fancy weaves
 Draws strength, which tincteth the wan cheeks of
 Death :

Under the shadow of the laurel green
 The soldier smileth ; and wayfaring men
 Piercing the desert with proud looks are seen,
 And hoary seamen face wild waves again :
 But chief, 'midst hopes untried, with fear afar,
 The young pale scholar seeks some dim renown,
 Misled by influence of deceitful star,
 To where Death hides behind the laurel crown :
 Alas, grey age and pallid youth the same !
 All leave fair truth, to clutch the phantom—*Fame* !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

(*By the Author of "Dartmoor."*)

"O what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,—
 She sow'd the seeds, but *Death* has reap'd the fruit."
Byron.

LIST not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd
 To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,
 Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!
 Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
 The battle-field where red Destruction waves
 O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
 The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave
 Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
 The seaman follows her, to fall—at last
 In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons
 She promises the proud degree—the praise
 Of academic senates, and a name
 That Fame on her imperishable scroll

Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn
And Genius yet deplores ! In studious cell
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled—insensibly—and night with day ;—
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night
The nightingale ;—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky ;—
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—
One master-passion master'd all—and Death
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave ;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires !

Yet hope sustain'd
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring step
And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous
bloom
Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates
Of her high temple.

There beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant—DEATH :—and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd
The cypress with the laurel ;—at his foot
Perish'd the “ MARTYR STUDENT !”

N. T. C.

THE ACADEMIC ASPIRANT.

WITH form attenuated by disease,
With paly cheek, and bloodless lip, he stands
The victim of his worth. All save the eye
Hath sadly changed ;—*that* undismayed yet gleams
The noble beacon of a noble soul !
Consumption shakes the tendons of his life,
And holds a fevered revel in his heart ;—
He heeds it not—but as his body wastes,
The spirit gathers greater strength, and sheds
On the admiring world supernal light.
Renown, on its swift pinion, blazons forth
The glory of his name, and sages hail
And praise him—fairest lips recite his verse,
And nations arm them when he sings of war.
Alas, that eloquence will soon be mute—
That harp, unstrung, shall lose its loveliness,
Nor know its own sweet sound again. No more
Shall woman's eye behold its light approach,—
No more her dulcet voice (by passion taught),

To her young soul shall whisper dreamy love,
And make her startle even at herself.
Love and its light are now evanishing;
Life and its bliss do tremble at the Shade
That stands before him. He beholds it not—
See, in its sallow hand is held a wreath
Of laurel leaves, so fresh, they seem to mock
That withering grasp. A smile is on his cheek—
His eye looks dark with thought—his dreams are of
The coming time—and Hope is bright within—
Slowly the wreath now falls—the hand of Death
Hath placed the fadeless verdure on his brow,
And he is not of life.

J. J. L.



ACADEMIC PURSUITS.

“There's *honour* for you!”—*Shakspeare*.

LIKE *you* such grinning honour? You will probably answer, No. Why, then, before you engage in the widely-different, but no less hazardous warfare of words and arguments, propositions and disquisitions, reply and rejoinder, with the long train of important *etcæteras*, do, my young and sanguine friend, take a peep into a pericranium—examine the filmy texture of the brain, and the cobweb character of those fibres which compose its substance; from thence descend to the region of the stomach, and view the connexion of its digestive powers, which, as well as the brain, depend upon the quiet operation of thought,—which the hurry of passion, the ardour of pursuit, or the no less dangerous tendency of rigid and intense application, may destroy—and you may perhaps be inclined to pause upon the adventure, to examine *your* strength for the combat, to weigh the chances of the game, and to look a

little more minutely at the nature of the trophies you expect to carry away ; and then, having taken a cool and deliberate view of the question, you may venture to ask—Can I sit quietly down under these laureled honours, to the enjoyment of books, “ friendship, and retired leisure ?”

Retired leisure ! where is it to be found ? Not in this bustling, cheating, and worrying world. No ; not even “ stalled theology” will now allow it. We do not live in monkish times ; there are duties to be performed, there are hungry expectants,—enemies to be watched, vigilant to observe omissions, and ready to mark or make lapses in your conduct. In short, the path to preferment has not been Macadamized ; but, on the contrary, such deep ruts have been made by the jostling and jumbling of every sort of vehicle on the road, that, through the haste of some, and the tardiness of others, not one in ten arrives at his *Living* in a whole skin, or, at least, without having been in imminent danger of destruction. I see you smile ;—you have been at Oxford,—have some skill in driving, and can quarter the road with any four-in-hand whip among them. Well, sir ! take your own course ; but remember, if you attain to a mitre, it will not be decorated like that of a Leo, but plain,

cumbrous, and heavy, like the disproportioned and enormous caps of our grenadiers. You must toil under its pressure. Again you smile.—Oh, the church is not your aim?—it is literature,—polite literature; aye, that is quite another thing—I see you are viewing a garland in imagination, made up of the flowers of literature, and feasting upon the fruits in the same Barmecide way. To be sure, there are a few thorns in *that* passage to fame and fortune; which, in the shape of critics, catch at you as you pass, till you arrive ragged and stript at the end of your journey. But should the contrary of this happen, you have nothing to do but to reach the mansion of your bookseller, the haven where you would be—and present yourself to the porter at the gate—a sort of Castle-of-Indolence-man, but only so in appearance; for he will first look narrowly at your dress, and if it has come off without many rents from the aforesaid thorns, he will let you into the hall or entry, and, according to your appearance, will desire you to take a chair, or, perhaps, refreshment; but have a care of this, and remember what is said in the Proverbs about “deceitful meat.” Here you will undergo a sort of craniological examination. Your skull must serve various purposes; will the *os frontis* do for a battering-ram?—can it be

levelled with advantage against church or state?—has it the organ of forgetfulness sufficiently marked for a convenient oblivion of what you advance one day to be denied on the next? These, with various other powers and capabilities, will be carefully noted; and last, and not the least of his inquiries, will be (but this will be managed aside), whether your skull will make a good drinking cup, and whether its shape and texture are best suited to hold port, claret, or champagne. What! you are grinning still, and you don't believe a word of this? You can get an introduction to Mr. M——y; aye, it may be so,—or to the King's Bench,—or to Bedlam,—or

* * * * *

* Well—*there* I'll leave you.

PROTEUS.





THE EMPIRIC.

THE EMPIRIC.

QUACKS! high and low—whate'er your occupation—

I hate ye all!—but, ye remorseless crew,
 Who, with your nostrums, thin the population,
 A more especial hate I bear tow'rds *you*—
 You, who're regardless if you kill or cure,—
 Who lives, or dies—so that of fees you're sure!

“What!” saith the moralist, “are any found
 So base, so wondrous pitiful?”—“Aye, *many*:—
 In this metropolis vile Quacks abound,
 Who'd poison you outright, to get a penny;—
 Monsters! who'd recklessly deal death around,
 Till the whole globe were one vast burial-ground!”

“Rail on! abuse us, Sir!” cries Doctor Pill:
 “While you're in health it all sounds mighty clever;
 But if, perchance, again you're taken ill,
 I shall be sent for just the same as ever;
 When groaning with the gout, or teas'd with phthisic,
 You'll gladly call me in, and take my physic!”

“ Save me, kind friends, from *Doctor Pill*, I pray!
And *try* to find an honest one and skilful—
Like Doctor BABINGTON or Surgeon WRAY,
Who none can charge with blunders weak or wilful;
But let *no Quack* approach my humble bed,
To feel my pulse, and shake his empty head !”

Rather would I “ throw physic to the dogs ;”
For, oh ! through Quacks, what ills from physic flow !
It saps our vitals—all our functions clogs—
And makes our lives a scene of pain and woe :
Alas ! what tortures patients undergo,
None but the suff’ring quack-duped patients know !

And if, by *chance*, you ’scape their murderous fangs,
Gods ! what a fuss they make about your cure !
But if, worn out with agonizing pangs,
You *die*—why, then, the malady was sure
To kill !—in truth, ’twas *wonderful*, they’ll say,
That Death so *long* could have been kept away !

See you poor wretch ! mere effigy of man !
He’d *faith* !—and all their “ grand specifics” tried ;
For while he trusted to the charlatan,
He little thought grim Death was by his side :
And yet to *him* the Tyrant prov’d a friend,
By bringing all his torments to an end.

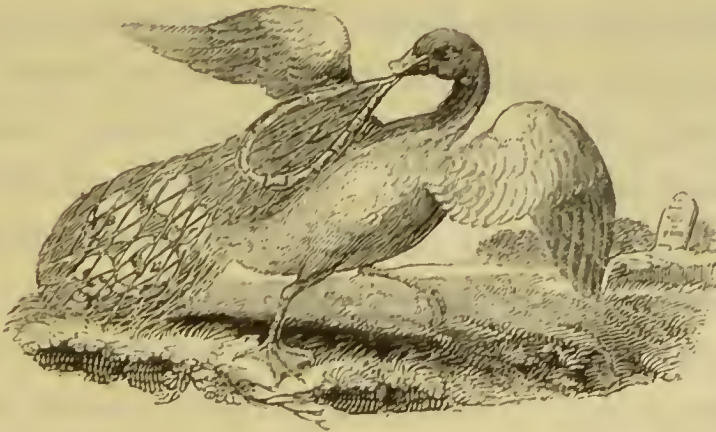
Oh, bounteous Nature! friend of human kind!

Who every heartfelt joy of life dispenses,
To their best interests were not mortals blind,
Or would but rightly use their boasted senses,
They'd gratefully obey thy wise commands,
Nor trust their lives in sordid Emp'rics' hands.

Hygeia, hail! I'll drink at thy pure spring,

Where Temperance and Exercise preside;
And, while life's dearest boon thy handmaids bring,
Though from the wine-press flow the purple tide,
The tempting goblet from my lips I'll fling,
Scorning the gifts by luxury supplied.
Hail! then, Hygeia, hail! "thee, goddess, I adore,"
For, blest with health, I'm rich,—though scanty be
my store!

S. M.



THE MEN OF PHYSIC;

AN EASTERN TALE.

(*By the Author of "Glances from the Moon."*)

IT happened that a certain absolute and capricious despot of an eastern province, on perceiving, after a few years' domination, that the number of his subjects had considerably decreased, instead of instituting a cautious inquiry into the possible causes of this lowered population, determined to lay the whole charge, the wonder, and the mischief, on the professed practisers of what was there termed the healing art, but, according to his princely suspicion, the art of poisoning and destroying. Long did he cherish, whether warranted or otherwise doth not clearly appear, this peculiar sentiment, strengthened by progressive observation, and now matured into immoveable conviction: and, indeed, as his province had neither been lately desolated by war, vi-

sited by pestilence, nor reduced by famine, it becomes possible—just possible I mean—that the notion which this prince had conceived of the blundering ways and means exercised by the *men of physic*, might not have proved so fallacious or unjust, as, on first hearing, it should seem to threaten: the less so, because the class of these physicians, or leeches, was the only one which had escaped the late examples of extraordinary fatality; a phenomenon which was referred, for its solution, to the commonly believed fact, that the physician exerciseth not his art upon himself.—But, let that pass.

And now, whether sanctioned by a rational probability of a successful result, or not—whether right or wrong—he determined to put the matter at issue to one grand and decisive experiment. He published an edict, ordering every practitioner of the medical craft, of whatever degree, to quit the province in the course of ten days. Remonstrance had been vain: it was the mandate of despotic authority: no appeal remained; obedience was prompt and universal; not one professor, not a single minister of physic, dared to hold back and linger within the lines of demarkation after the expiration of the period limited by the edict.

Now, when the news of this extraordinary decree had reached and crept into the ear of Death, his jaws were presently screwed into a contemptuous grin, while meditating his purpose. "Opposition to my power," he said, "has always proved vain in the result, though whilom ridiculously obstinate and contentious. This prince shall quickly understand how unequal is the contest which he appears rash enough and weak enough to wage with a power, known by universal experience to be paramount and irresistible."

Thus muttered the Destroyer.

Hence we pass on to the expiration of that measure of time sufficient for the ascertaining whether the expectations of the prince were well founded and supported.

Twelve months had now elapsed, when, on a numerical comparison of deaths with those of the preceding year, they were found in a ratio greatly diminished, calculating for the lessened number of souls occasioned by the absence of the leeches. The discontent of the people against their prince, and their alarm for themselves, changed into reverence

and composure. His pride and self-gratulation rose in proportion—perhaps something out of proportion, a mistake committed occasionally even by sovereigns—to flattery and applause: but this prince had never enjoyed the privilege of reading the poetic works of Robert Burns, where, amidst numerous pithy hints for the correction of self-misunderstanding, he might have dropped upon, and profited by, the following stanza:—

“ Oh, would some power the gifty gee us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
And silly notion;
And airs in gait and dress would lea’ us,
And, e’en, devotion.”

But, so it was; time was moving on smoothly and kindly between prince and subject; each conciliated more to each, and all partaking of that increase of pleasurable feelings which is wont to accompany and improve a condition of bodily and mental health.

Thus might this happy province—happy in its delivery from the leeches—have become the asylum of health, and the promise of longevity; but—give me *buts* and *ifs*, as a bold man was wont to say, and I’ll fight the D——; but,—that the dark malignant spirit

of the man whose "bones are marrowless," urged at length by the bitterness of disappointment into deadly wrath at the decrease of funerals and of mourners, where his depredations had long proved so extensive and so frequent, determined to bestir himself for the recovery of his business.

"I have," muttered Death, as he stalked the ground, which shrank and blackened at his tread, "two considerations to resolve: first, what promises to furnish the surest plan for the restoration of the wonted, full, and gloomy callings of my office; secondly, by what measures I shall most easily and speedily succeed in it. Touching the first consideration," said Death, "I perceive it admits of instant decision. The effects of the decree, by which I find that the leeches were my supporters, my most effective friends, serve to teach me that the decree must be unconditionally reversed; the men of physic must be recalled; they must be reinstated in all their privileges and immunities, and be let loose as heretofore upon the inhabitants of the province—of the *capital*, more especially—in the unbridled exercise of their accustomed practices. The man of dry and naked bones received that sensation of sullen gratification, when reflecting upon his plan, which no

other man could feel. A half-formed smile would have passed over his ghastly countenance, significant of anticipated success, but it was repulsed and chased away from a visage so hostile to its character, by a withering and rigid grin which admitted not a glimpse of relaxation.

Still this resolution extended and embraced the first and easiest division, only, of what he intended to perform: the object of his more arduous consideration remained behind, viz.: the adoption of means sure and effectual for the *execution* of this purpose. It was not till after a long-protracted interval that thus the Destroyer counselled with himself.

“ I have held a long and vast communion with the sons of men who walk this earth, and all who have disappeared from it were removed by me. This is not all: known it is to me, by ages of experience and the use of observation, that the passion of fear is among the strongest felt by mortals, and that of nothing are they so *horribly* afraid as of my threatenings and my power to enforce them. How is this? that the man who has courage to condemn and to oppose the requisitions of justice; to admit and to encourage the foulest offences against the charities of

humanity and the consciousness of moral obligation ; to cherish the corruption of, and to perpetrate the blackest crimes against, the fellowship of men ! that the same identical man of flesh and blood, on whom the fear of me is so deeply impressed, should ever fail to tremble while thinking upon the crimes, the outrages, the murders he may have committed ? All this must be left to the discussion of wiser skulls than mine.

“ By my life,” said Death, “ it is most worthy of marvel and recordance, that one and the same man shall dare to commit and brave the most atrocious wickedness, no less in the face of all the world than in the secret chambers, and yet shake with horror at an accidental change of feeling in his mortal frame, not occasioned by any guilty deed that he hath done, but resulting inevitably from the established laws and conditions of that animal economy, ordained to experience the enjoyments of health and the inflictions of disease ; to live, and think, and act, while the movements of the nice and wonderful machine are in perfect harmony and correctness ; to languish, and finally to decay, when these are interrupted and gradually stopped.

“ Yes, the solution of a mystery like this must be submitted to the philosophers ; enough for me, that the dread of my approach is uppermost amidst mortal fears, and that few would be found, who, when the hour of decision should arrive, would refuse to compromise, on any terms, for a longer beholding the light of the sun and of all the natural objects which it illumines and presents : yet to what do these amount, in comparison with the animated and social nature, with the world of kindred, of relatives, and friends ?

“ Fortunate for my commanding thralldom, mankind are not conscious that the ‘ fear of death,’ abstractedly considered, ‘ is most in apprehension ;’ or that, ‘ imagination’s fool and error’s wretch, man makes a death which nature never made, then on the point of his own fancy falls, and feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.’ No, no—the Prince, nursed and wrapped in the splendour and luxuries of a gay and rich metropolis, has not been conversant with disquisitions of this sort ; if he ever thinks upon, he also shudders at the contemplation of my blow.” Death paused.—This was the time for taking up what he had proposed for the second consideration of his subject, viz. : the mode to be adopted for se-

curing the completion of his plan. It required not a protracted rumination. Death knew the certainty of his power, and he resolved on its early application.

It was amidst the lone “and witching time of night, when church-yards yawn,” that, personified, “*ut ejus est mos*,” in the attire of a human skeleton, he made his way to the palace and the dormitory of his royal enemy, as he does to the cot and pallet of the poor. He beheld the prince stretched in the blandishments and the wonted security of sleep; in “the perfumed chamber,” “beneath the canopy of costly state.” Directly he stalked up; the hard and bony tread awaked the sleeping prince, and he beheld the horrid figure placed before him, holding a dimly-burning taper in his left hand, while in his right, elevated as if to strike, was poised the shaft which never fails, and which now threatened the execution of a fatal purpose.

Confounded by the spectacle, he made an effort to spring up; but the first effect of fear is debility: he fell backward, yet with outstretched arms and clasped hands, shrinking from the dreadful object of his vision—“I come,” said the horrible appearance—fixing upon his victim the dismal cavities

where eyes had been—"I come, armed as at all times, to strike and to destroy. But even beneath the shaft, and within the grasp of Death, conditions of mercy may exist. Mark!—I come unto the despot, who, with violence and injustice, has expelled from their establishments and their homes, the *men of physic*, my ministers and agents, and to offer him one or the other of two things: will he consent to recall and to reinstate the said men of physic or leeches, never again to be by him disturbed, or forbidden to cultivate and to use their arts; or will he prefer that this uplifted hand discharge the arrow which he beholds, thus winged for its deadly mission, and ready to fulfil it? Your resolve!—speak!—answer, even now—or—" The prince observed the arm rising higher, and drawing a little backward: a moment, and it might be too late; in agony of haste he called out,—“Hold! spare me, spare me! I will execute thy commands: I will instantly recall the leeches; I will do whatever thou demandest: I will do it now, even now.” Death lowered his arm, and proceeded:—“Promises, at a moment like this, have often been found faithless, and have dissolved ‘into thin air;’ therefore,” giving to the prince a scroll—“look upon that; unfold and read: be instant—bind thy soul, as the words

therein point out, to the prompt execution of my pleasure." Here he began to raise his hand of bone, still armed with the deadly missile:—"Hold! hold!" the prince ejaculated; "I swear as this scroll requires." What was written therein has never been divulged. Death well knew that flesh and blood dared not to violate the oath. He was accordingly satisfied; and now, under the guise in which he had stalked into the royal chamber, he abandoned it, in malignant triumph that his purpose had succeeded, and that the recommencement and augmentation of his harvest awaited only the return of the doctors; more especially of those who should occupy their stations and exercise their crafts in the METROPOLIS. It is there he stands in gloomy watch, or stalks about in cynic grin, delighted with the hurry, dexterity, and sleight-of-hand visits paid by the doctor to his catalogue of patients, agreeably to the situations of their residences; many of whom, after hours of languor, distress, and pain, are now startled into being from their pittance of merciful unconsciousness, by the outrageous but fashionable violence, the *storm of knocking* raised at the door of the wretched patient's residence, by one of Death's subordinate agents, who drops from the fore or aft of the doctor's chariot, and having done all this wanton

and inhuman mischief, throws open the door for the descent, and then the introduction of *that* which is to follow. Thus it is manifest that Death may be detected in the personification of an outside or an inside passenger; on the box or in the chariot.

The question may be asked,—what place does not Death occupy,—what person of the drama can he not assume and fill? We have seen him blinding the eyes of physicians and their patients, and converting medicines into poisons. We may also trace this sly and rapacious fellow more insidiously introducing poisons into the wholesome nutriment of life, into our viands and our drinks. For the former, gaze upon that alarming row of red and fiery-looking metal, with which our shelves, whether in kitchen or elsewhere, are so frightfully supplied! The metal is copper, poisonous and deadly, as many wise housekeepers and cooks are at length beginning to believe; but which, still, in defiance of the sun, or by taking advantage of the tenderer light of moon or taper, they continue to use, because peculiarly conducive, in their opinions, to the good colouring and preservation of pickles and of conserves. For the latter, namely, our drinks, behold and examine the professed malt and hop decoctions of our public

breweries—malt and hops ! pshaw !—vinegar and bullock's blood. Once more, look, and look closely when you are about it, to your cider and perry mills, lest you should purchase your hogshead of either of these liquors from a mill, in the construction of which the metal of lead, another of Death's ministers, has been largely employed, and which, when acted upon by the juices of the fruits, communicates to the liquor a poisonous quality. The effects of this carelessness, or obstinacy, have been long and seriously felt in cider counties ; in the county of Devonshire more particularly, producing therein that painful disease, known by the appropriate term, *Devonshire Colic*, terminating in *Palsy*. But the time would fail, were we to attempt to show this Man of Bones in all his asserted places of domination, or to bolt him from his secret lurking-holes. We will leave him, for the time being, in his awful and favourite retreat, an *English wine-vault*, the depôt of *foreign wines*.* There he sits, enthroned upon

* We sincerely hope this sentence cannot be construed into a *libel*, though, after what has lately taken place, we confess we have some qualms about it ; but this we can conscientiously aver, that however well it may be thought to apply to some of these “depôts of foreign wines,” our esteemed contributor had no “wine-merchant” in *particular* in his eye, when he wrote the article. This apologetic explanation will therefore, we trust, shield us from any *action for damages* !—ED.

a cask of *fiery sherry*, which, among other pernicious combinations, he dispenses far and wide, administering all of them more or less largely as his caprice may choose to delight itself in a larger or scantier accumulation of victims.

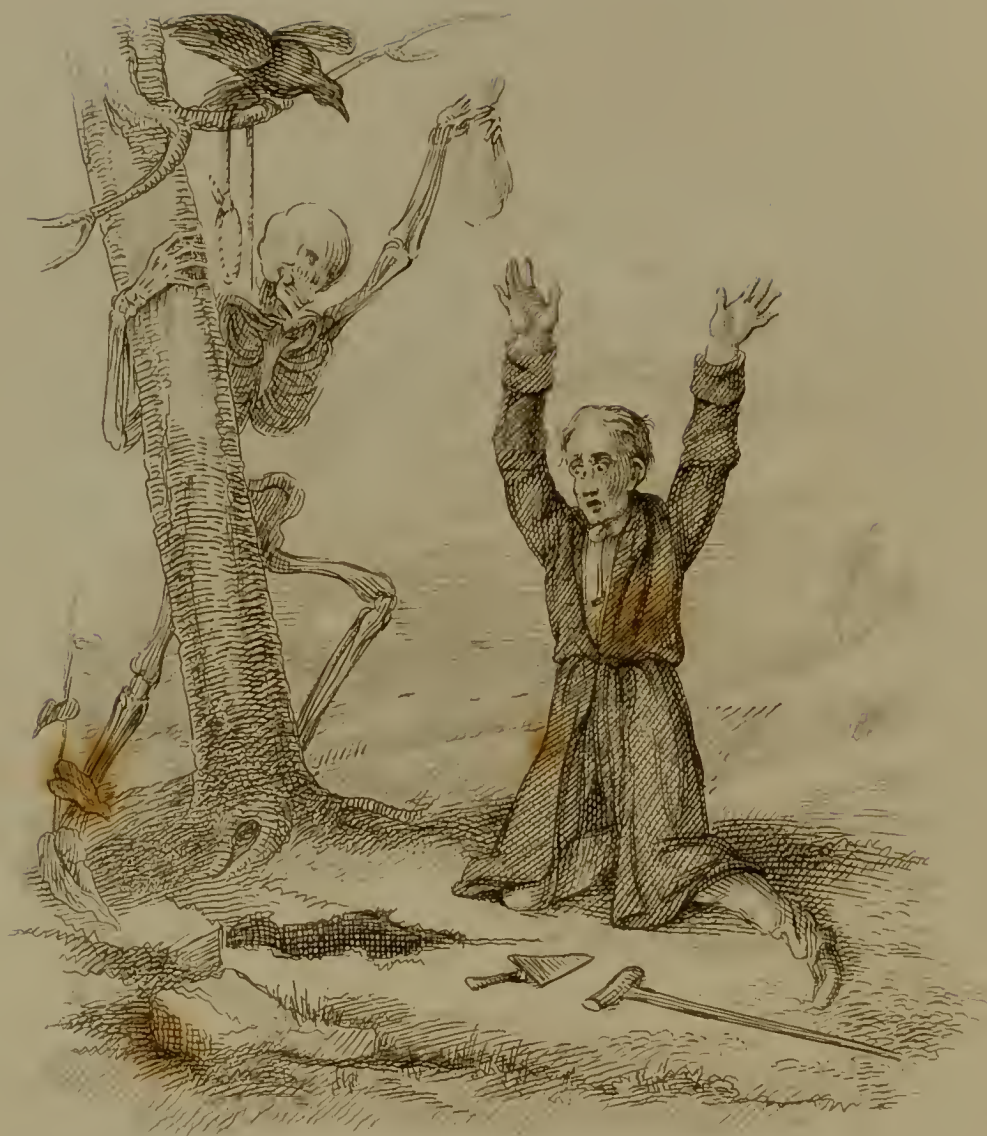
We will proceed no further in the pursuit of a topic and a theme which would remain interminable; neither would it prove fair nor charitable to cast the Bony Man in no other character than that which, to the bulk of mankind, represents him most unwelcome, cruel, and severe. By certain of the sons of men he has been received not only with resignation and composure, but his approach has been hailed as a boon and a deliverance. Besides, he possesses such traits, or perhaps faculties, in his composition, as might challenge our approbation and our reverence. In the class of these we desire to rescue from oblivion his acknowledged impartiality; his frequent prevention of greater evil than he brings; his endurance of perpetual labour; his just claim to universality; his courage; snatching away the monarch, surrounded by his life guards, just as a Bengal tiger springs into a little company of men seated at their social meal upon the turf, and, seizing on his victim, drags him to the jungle.

We must recount, because it evinces an honourable and lofty sentiment, that, as he stalked away after his midnight visit to the prince whom he had terrified into an instant and shaking submission, a voice was heard through the palace, and by the sentinels, as, invisibly, he moved along:—"Coward and slave, who hast consented to sell thy people's pleasant health, the term of their life, with all its consolations and enjoyments; their title, it might have been, to longevity;—that thou thyself mightst be suffered to crawl, in infamy and abhorrence, a little longer between heaven and earth!!!—It well nigh grieves me that I permitted the wretch to outlive his meanness and his baseness.

"But wherefore—I desire to ask and to be answered—wherefore are the sons of men so hostile to my charter, and so fearful of its exercise?—A charter, too, of which I myself foresee and dread the expiration?"

Can none develop and explain this mystery?





THE MISER.

THE LOST TREASURE.

IDOL of all, the world's imperial lord,
 Thou peerless bullion dug from sleeping earth,
 As sways the despot o'er his fettered horde,
 So thousands bow the minions of thy worth :—
 To groans and midnight tears thou givest birth,
 Enchanting master of the frown and smile ;—
 Alike creator of our woes and mirth,
 The nurse of cloudy hate, and venom'd guile,
 Diffusing mantling grandeur on the tumid vile !

Thou yellow slave of Eastern rifled mine,
 There gleams from thee a long unweakened charm ;
 A fatal essence is for ever thine
 That time's corroding changes cannot harm ;
 The same magnetic spell in every form—
 A dumb memorial of the ages fled,
 When, love for thee, woke up the civic storm ;—
 For thee, the pulsing breast was gored and red,
 And savage warriors trampled on the piling dead :

There is a moral on thy graven face,
When, damp before us, from thy burial-ground,
With eager ken, we scan the fading trace
Of some triumphant record, crusted round;
Or regal brow, with braiding garland bound.
Where now is he, the image of thy rust?
The tyrant, perhaps, that made the war-whoop sound,
And vanquished cities rear his sculptured bust——
Like thee, disfigured remnant of his wormy dust!

In burning zones, and far exotic clime,
Where gorgeous nature daunts the lifted eye,—
The daring Briton wastes his lusty prime,
Apart from native hills, and genial sky :
The dripping tears of love—th' unbosomed sigh,
The farewell pang prophetic—all forgot!
When, flushed, his pluming spirit longs to fly
From thrifty ease and patrimonial spot—
And slow return with wealth and fevered veins his
lot!

With sinking cheek, pale lip, and pensive glance,
And locks that pine upon their heated brow,
Alone, with pauseful step, and mute advance,
Behold a martyred genius passing now!

His eyes still flash,—but mournful shadows throw
Betraying sadness round his inward gloom :—
The *soul* is lit, inspired,—but poor, and low,
No gold creative to resist his doom,
Like sunshine's fading light, *he* weakens to the tomb.

On clotted turf, within a murky vale,
The blood-red dagger in his quaking hand,
His guilty visage hued by moonlight pale,—
The murderer bodes—as if Remorse's wand
Had fixed him there. Upon the still brigand,
The victim opes his eyes—which then reclose,
While from his wounds the bubbling streams expand:
For gold, thus, oft the wasted life-spring flows—
For thee, vile ore, how many *woo* the grave's repose !

A long farewell endears the faithful soul,
And warmer kindness will spring up from woe,—
But spelling gold perverts the heart's control,
And finds a parent for the infant's foe !
Malignant guile, the darksome traitor's blow,
The death-bed curse, and lip of venom'd scorn,—
The sternest pangs enduring hearts can know,
Are but the deeds of gold :—and years unborn,
Shall bring thine endless victims, that for thee shall
mourn.

But see! thy abject slave:—a lurking fear,
Spreads o'er his face a dark prevailing shade;
Wakeful, though scowled his gaze:—that icy sneer,
Before whose chill a baby smile would fade,—
Is th' intense pride of treasure unbetrayed:
Few are his words—in them the wily tone
Conveys reserveful dread;—as if it bade
The miser fear himself:—his wealth once known,
'Twould seem departed, though it still remained his
own!

A miser's heart is like the damp cold tomb,
Embalming but the noisome;—dark abode
Of blighted feeling and of selfish gloom:—
And yet 'tis not repose; a burdening load
Of teasing dreams, at home, and on the road,
From risen morn till eve—prevent his rest:
One haunting thought, the self-inflicted goad—
Is ever at his soul. With heavy breast
And pulsing terror, is his canvass pillow pressed!

This beauteous world, and its enchanting scene,
The silken clouds of morn, and moony night,
The tinted fruits, and meadow's matchless green,—
Its flowers and streams—for him yield no delight!—
The sunbeams warm his brow, and bless his sight,

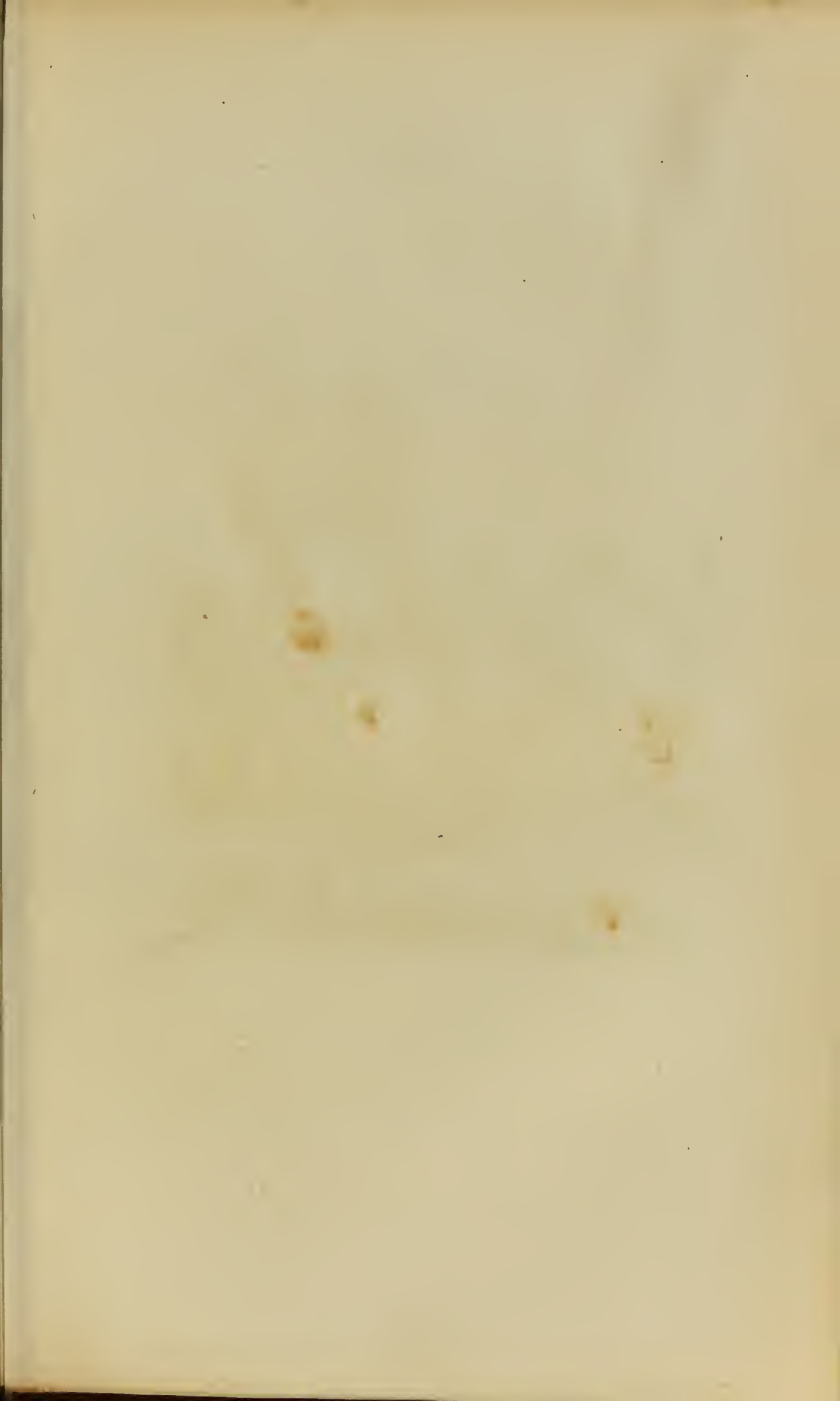
The breezes kiss his lips—but he's the same :—
As if his mind was darkened o'er with blight,
And Nature quite unfelt—a gloomy frame
Where all, but avarice, is motionless and tame.

And has he bliss?—'tis buried in the ground !
No kindly ease is bought above: vile, mean,
Blank to the eye, and deaf to sorrow's sound,
With unpartaking modes and bilious spleen,
He crawls his way—unsought and seldom seen :—
Strange homage this, that Fancy gets
For her delusions ! E'er since time hath been,
Hearts weave their own deceits :—the miser frets,
But bears the willing thralldom while his SOUL re-
grets !

With lowering front, and dim withdrawing eye,
Suspiciously he creeps :—his morbid glance
Turned round on heaven and earth most fretfully ;—
Disturbing fears, as near his steps advance
To see the buried gold—and hopeful trance,—
Attend him with their phantoms.—Each limb shakes,
And tremulous, the chills of dubious chance
Thrill through his person :—till again he takes
Another glutting stare,—oh ! how his bosom aches !

The spot is gained :—beneath a tree decayed
His treasure's hid. Upon its topmost bough
A raven sits—foreboding hope betrayed.
Here, on the ground, the miser kneeling now,
Digs up the turf :—but list ! the shrieking vow
And arms infuriate raised—the torture's trace—
Proclaim the heap is gone !—no tears can flow,
But inward anguish maddens in grimace,
While Death, with mocking purse, grins in his martyr's face.

R. M.





THE PHAETON.

D E A T H

AND

THE GAY CHARIOTEER.

THE sun, in splendour, was setting bright,
 And the west was sheeted in ruby light,
 The hymn of the woodland choir was singing,
 And the winds o'er the forest their incense flinging,
 The grove its leaves of gold was waving,
 The mountain its summit in glory bathing,
 The flowers for day's departure weeping,
 And the wolf in his cave yet soundly sleeping,
 When young Cytheron, e'en as Hylas fair,
 With cheek of the damask rose, and hair
 In darkly beauteous ringlets flowing,
 And lip like the piony richly glowing,
 With a smile like summer's morn, and eye
 That no maiden could look on without a sigh,
 Met Comus, as on he journeyed, gay
 And thoughtless, life's primrose-scattered way.
 Comus invited the youth to spend the night
 At his magic palace of pomp and delight,

To rest himself after the toils of the day,
And chase the tardy-footed hours away
With banquet and song, and care-killing glee,
Music, and wine, and jollity.

Young Cytheron, regardless of what might betide,
Turned joyous to follow his laughing guide,
Who led him on through a solemn wood,
Where tall colonnades of cedar stood,
And verdant palms in long array,
That shone with the tints of departing day ;
While the dew-brightened flowers caught the sun's
 last smile,
 And rivalled the pomp of the evening sky,
Where a pageant of mountain, lake, and isle,
 In glory unearthly met the eye !

Amid the forest, sweetly embowered,
Were seats of green moss, with roses showered,
And each fragrant hyacinthine bed
Was o'er-canopied with the rich web
Of tissued blossoms, in nature's loom
Wove gorgeous, and bright with radiant bloom.

The gleams of an alabastrian pile,
With pillared form of classic style,

Shone down the opening vista far,
Like the softened light of Neptune's star;
When the midnight winds part the fleecy cloud,
And she walks forth in her beauty and splendour
proud.

It was the bright magic palace reared
By Pleasure, to ensnare the idle and vain,—
A temple it seemed with glory ensphered,
But Death dwelt there in her fatal train!

Young Cytheron before the portal stood,—
Then entered with enraptured eye,
When round him poured a rainbow flood
Of dazzling light, while harmony
Angelic came on his ravished ears,
Rich-toned as the music of the spheres!
The palace court with pillars was hemmed
Of flaming carbuncle, and gemmed
The tessellated floor, save where
Bloomed bowers of myrtle, and orange, and lime,
Pomegranates, and aloes, that gave to the air
The exquisite odours of Araby's clime.
These bowers, rich with the rose of Cashmere,
Of a thousand birds were the blessed haunt,

Whose plumes did like clustered gems appear
As they warbled their wild melodious chant.

Now forth from the inner palace came,
Whose walls outshone the sapphire flame,—
A lady, who leant on a damsel fair,
That for beauty might e'en with Calypso compare !
INTEMPERANCE was the portly dame,
And WANTONNESS the damsel's name,
Whose eye shot forth such thrilling fires
As fill'd young Cytheron with fond desires ;
Her form is voluptuous, her cheek outglows
The blush of young Venus as from the deep she first
rose.

They welcomed glad Cytheron, and smiling led
To an arbour with roses fresh-blooming spread,
Acanthus, and myrtle, and luscious woodbine,
And o'erhung with the fruit-empurpled vine.

There on couches of emerald and Tyrian dye,
In pomp and luxurious ease they lie,
While the lady INTEMPERANCE in her cup of gold
Pressed the musky clusters that o'er them hung,
And gave to her guest * *
The magic draught made him proud and bold,

And joyous,—then soft airs were sung,
By attendant virgins fair and young ;
And the fountains their rainbow streams out-flung,
And music breathed from harp and lute,
From sacbut, theorbo, and flute ;
While youths and maidens, bright as the Hours,
Danced along the green arcade of bowers
That, torch-lit, showed like Eden's shades
When angel shapes thronged its moonlight glades.

Again the chalice of gold the youth drains,
Which flowed like fire through his glowing veins !
Then dallies with the damsel on beds of roses,
Till wearied with sport in her arms he reposes.
Whence summoned by music to the banquet-hall,
He feasts high on his lordly stall.
O what a proud display was there,
Of thronging chivalry and ladies fair !
Of richest viands, wines, fruits, and flowers,
That deck young Summer or Autumn's bowers,
Amid that gorgeous hall of might,
Where the columns, formed of jewels rare,
Seemed each a shaft of sunny light !
But what grim unbidden guest sits there,
With eyeless sockets and ribs all bare,

And grinning so hideously upon
The laughter-loving Cytheron ?
'Tis Death ! who marks him for his prey,
Long ere the close of another day !

'Tis dawn,—come, rouse thee, who didst rejoice
And sport with the young loves and pleasures,
The harp and the viol have ceased their voice,
And the lute its soft preluding measures ;
Arise with the lark and the dappled fawn,
And brush the dew from the cowslip lawn ;
Mount the proud seat of thy glittering car,
Which in silvery splendour beams afar ;
Pleasure hath harnessed thy horses, all eager to run,
Fiery and swift as the steeds of the sun !
“ Ah, this is life, happiness, splendour, and glee ;
Mount, mount, my sweet damsel, and journey with
me.”

But, ah ! that grim king, who sat at the feast,
Hath followed the track of thy chariot wheel ;
He heeds not the cry of anguish for rest,
Nor the sorrows that time will never heal,
Nor the captive's sigh for sweet release,
Nor the exile's prayer for the dark grave's peace ;
No,—he follows thee, thou gay and vain,
And all thy schemes of pride will mar,

He takes the wheel from thy splendid car
And hurls thee prostrate on the plain !
Nature heeds not thy parting groan
No more than thou didst the beggar's moan ;
The skylark amid the full sun-blaze is singing,
While down the lone valley thy death-shriek is
ringing !

Ah ! what are worldly pomp and glory ?
An empty shadow, a noisy story !
While earthly pleasure is a fleeting dream,
And honour but the meteor's gleam !

J. F. P.

THE FOREBODING;

A SKETCH.

“ Loathed Melancholy.”—*Milton*.

“ If you please, Sir Henry, the curricie is quite ready.”

“ Very well,” replied the master to his servant ;
“ bring me my boots, and desire her maid to acquaint your mistress that the carriage is waiting.”

The footman left the library, and Sir Henry Buckingham, going to the window which commanded a view of his noble park, exclaimed to himself, “ This will be a glorious day for our drive ! the sun will be tempered by those troops of soft clouds which are sailing about so quietly, throwing their grave shadows on the earth—the air is mild—last night’s rain has filled the herbage with fragrance ; and the trees seem to rest, after the refreshing shower, in motionless and satisfied repose. All is as I could wish it

to be, for my dear wife's sake, to whose spirits the airing will certainly be beneficial. This open, smiling, gentle scene, upon which I cannot look and despair, must assuredly infuse something of its healthiness into her mind.

Here he paused in his soliloquy; but whether to brood on the comfort of the thought, or to examine its validity, was not at first apparent. It was soon, however, evident, that the feeling was one of misgiving, for his meditations again finding words, he said:

“Yet why do I flatter myself thus? The influence of spring could not save her from the attack of the mind-sickness which weighs her down, neither will the laughing summer drive it away. My unhappiness, I fear, is irremediable! What avail my many worldly advantages,—fortune, youth, health, the possession of her whom I so long have loved? Darkness is thrown over all by *one* misfortune, which is the more miserable, because, being causeless, I know not what to do to insure a remedy.”

Here a female servant entered the library with a request that Sir Henry would step into his lady's

room, which, with a sigh laden with wretched anticipation, he obeyed.

Lady Buckingham was a confirmed *ennuyée*. The two first years of her marriage passed happily and even joyously; but the last twelve months had been characterized by great and mysterious depression,—a constant but undefined fear of some impending calamity, which shook her innocent heart to its very centre. Every change alarmed her. The seasons, in their diversity, approached like portents; and the coming-on of dawn, no less than the deepening shadows of evening, filled her with intolerable tremour. During the noon, either of night or day, she seemed to enjoy some little respite from her apprehensions, for then the hours appeared to pause; but she could not divest herself of the dread that every *obvious* change was only the prologue of an unutterable tragedy. In vain her affectionate husband tried to reason her out of these fears—in vain he expatiated on the simplicity of her character, on the whiteness of her conscience, and on her duty to be thankful to her Creator for the worldly blessings he had been pleased to bestow on her. She acknowledged the reasonableness of all this, and then, after a struggle, sank again into her dejection, as

though some invisible demon were practising upon her his numbing spells!

Her very beauty was tainted with this melancholy; but still she was a lovely creature,—pale, indeed, and too thin for the perfection of feminine grace, though from the outline of her figure it was evident that nature had intended to fashion her shape in the full luxury of womanhood. Her voice was sweet beyond expression; and formerly her words were simple, gentle, timid, and even girlish; and from the charm of their innocent spell it was not possible to escape. Alas! this part of her character was now fearfully altered by the over-informing tyranny of her distemper, which had, as it were against her will, lifted her mental faculties out of their simplicity, perplexed them with “thick-coming fancies,” and, by a painful process, filled them with premature knowledge and the command of lofty eloquence! Her eyes were ever restless, glancing hither and thither with eager scrutiny; but in other respects she was lethargic.

Sir Henry, on entering her room, found that his wife had not yet risen, and that she had been weeping. “Why, my dear,” said he, “I expected you

would have been ready to accompany me in the little airing we spoke of last night, and now I find you dejected and in tears. For heaven's sake, arouse yourself in time from this melancholy, or it will gather strength in proportion as you yield to it, until at last you will be its abject slave.

“ I am that already,” she replied ; “ I am the victim of a throng of hideous fears, which scare away my wits. I do not dare to leave my bed ; and (jeer me as you may) I must tell you that I am warned, by my evil genius,—nay, smile not, for the fiend of destiny haunts me—that my death, and your's too, will be the consequence of my accompanying you this morning.”

“ Nothing, my dear,” replied Sir Henry, “ can be more unreal (I should say, ridiculous, did I not respect even your weakness) than these fears. They are the offspring of ill health, to which you reduce yourself by persisting in so sedentary a life. You must not be offended, if, for once, I employ the authority of a husband, and require that you forthwith prepare yourself for exercise and fresh air. Come, let me woo thee in the words of the oriental song :
‘ Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.'”

The heartfelt kindness of this solicitation was not lost on the lady, who, after a struggle with her apprehensions, arose, and dressed herself for the morning ride, and joined her husband in the library.

That the exercise might be more efficacious, Sir Henry extended the drive farther than he had at first contemplated, and, when about ten miles from home, called at the house of a friend, with whom he and his lady were prevailed on to partake of an early dinner. The jaunt and the cheerful society seemed to have a beneficial influence on the spirits of the hypochondriac.

They returned in the evening. Twilight was coming on, and, as it deepened, gigantic clouds were observed lifting themselves uncouthly above the horizon, and congregating in sullen masses. This was succeeded by weak flashes of lightning, accompanied by heavy sultriness, and an unnatural quiet. The leaves of the trees, which had rustled

pleasantly during the day, were now still; the shallow brooks, which had made music with their fresh rippling, seemed now like stagnant pools; the cattle crouched together and became mute. Meanwhile the lightning grew stronger, though still not blue or forked, or attended by thunder. Darkness at length ensued; and, of a sudden, there came a blast of air like a mighty whirlwind, which tore the branches from the heavier trees, and bent the light ones till their tops swept the ground, even as though they were bowing in worship of the Angel of the Storm! The whole earth appeared to stagger; when a terrific dart of lightning ran, like a huge serpent, down the sky, making rifts in the dense clouds, and affording awful revelations of the interior heaven. This was instantly succeeded by a stunning and continued peal of thunder, and a descent of rain, like the beginning of another deluge. The lightning now was incessant; sometimes appearing to dash broad floods of light with force upon the ground, and at others to throw a blue and ghastly illumination against the several masses of the clouds, which had assumed the grand forms of mountains and pyramids and colossal temples!

What a frightful hour must this have been for our

poor afflicted lady ! It shook even the strong nerves of her husband ; whose agitation was increased, when, on looking round at his wife, he perceived she had fainted. O ! how he blamed his pertinacity in urging her to take the excursion. There was, however, no time for reflection : his presence of mind and skill were required in the management of his horses ; for death seemed inevitable, should they, by becoming wild, get beyond his control. He, therefore, merely drew his lady's cloak nearer about her, and concentrated his attention on the reins, which he held with a strong and wary hand, and thus driving through the terrors of the night, he at length reached his own gates in safety.

The lady was restored sooner than the fears of Sir Henry allowed him to expect. She passed a calm night of refreshing sleep, and in the morning, which was fine and bright, talked over, with cheerfulness, the danger of the preceding evening. This unlooked-for amendment of her spirits continued for some time, and gave her husband reason to indulge in confident hopes of her settled recovery. Her former distemper furnished a theme even for raillery, during which she not only manifested no signs of impa-

tience, but even joined in the pleasantry, and wondered at her own delusion.

Alas! this was not of long duration. A relapse came on; and one morning at breakfast, after a long silence, she suddenly burst out as follows :

“ O! my husband, I have had a ghastly dream, which weighs upon me like the announcement of fate, and will not be shaken off. That fearful ride! The memory of it has haunted me all night. Some of its terrors, indeed, were diminished; but then, others more fatal, more tremendous, more maddening were substituted. Methought we were, as then, in that open carriage—it was broad day, clear, cloudless, and with a deep blue sky. Every thing seemed happy, and you and I enjoyed to the full the blessed tranquillity. As I looked about me, however, I became gradually aware of a minute stain in the lower atmosphere, like a blot, which moved near and around us, now here, now there, in a strange manner. I endeavoured once or twice to push it aside; but at this, it only seemed to hang closer to my eyes. I was about to call your attention to it, when, of a sudden, it swelled into size and shape,

and I beheld, flying at my side, a bony spectre,—the king of terrors—Death! The horses had an instinctive recognition of the phantom, for they moaned dismally, their nostrils were dilated, the whole of their frame was seized with convulsive shudderings, and they struggled as though to escape from the trammels of the harness. I was distracted with terror, when the gaunt and execrable monster, touching me, whispered in my ear, ‘Thou art mine—this night shalt thou sleep in my everlasting cave!’ As it said this, the hateful thing shifted its position, and when I turned round I saw it had crouched under one of the wheels, which it lifted up, and threw the carriage over the brink of a deep precipice. I shrieked aloud, and, as I fell, the demon, with a laugh of exultation, caught me in his arms, and bore me into the darkness of the chasm.”

“Do not distress yourself so, my dear,” said Sir Henry; “forget this vain dream—forget it, I beseech you. Your spirits shall no more be put to a trial so severe as that which you had to encounter the other night; for I plainly see, in spite of the apparent cheerfulness which subsequently elevated you, that the recollection of the tempest has been en-

gendering these hideous phantasms. You shall not again trust yourself in that vehicle."

"And yet," she replied, "my spirits were relieved by the former excursion, notwithstanding my reluctance to engage in it; and it may be, that the storm which seemed so full of danger, but, in the event, was so harmless, served to convince me of the vanity of my alarms. I shall always be under the dominion of this dream, if I do not *prove* its fallacy. For this purpose, I will make a strong effort, and beg you to take me again with you in that very carriage and along that very road, and I shall doubtless return home liberated from the haunting terror."

"I congratulate you, from my heart, on your resolution," said Sir Henry, embracing his wife. "We will go, and, as you say, you shall have abundant demonstration of the groundlessness of your dread."

To put her determination in practice was, however, as she had premised, a painful effort on the part of the lady. She trembled as she stepped into the carriage, and dropped into her seat, with the desperate air of one obliged to submit to some extreme cala-

mity. With such a white face and forced composure, did Tell level the arrow against the apple on his dear boy's head ; and so looked Brutus as he assumed the judgment-seat to pronounce sentence of death on his son !

It was a lovely day, with fresh airs breathing about, and a sky deeply blue like that of the South. In the course of the journey, they turned, they scarcely knew how it happened, into a lane in which they did not recollect to have ever been before. It was a solitary spot ; the road was exceedingly uneven, and the swaying of the carriage to and fro was occasionally not without danger. They had penetrated the avenue so far that it was not advisable to return ; yet, although the way was so uncouth, they could hardly fear an accident, as the horses were known to be steady, and the mid-day light was so strong and clear. Presently they came to a break in the hedge on one side, and this shewed them that they were on the brink of a sudden descent into a deep dell. The lady shuddered violently as she saw this ; but Sir Henry, in an attempt to re-assure her, said :

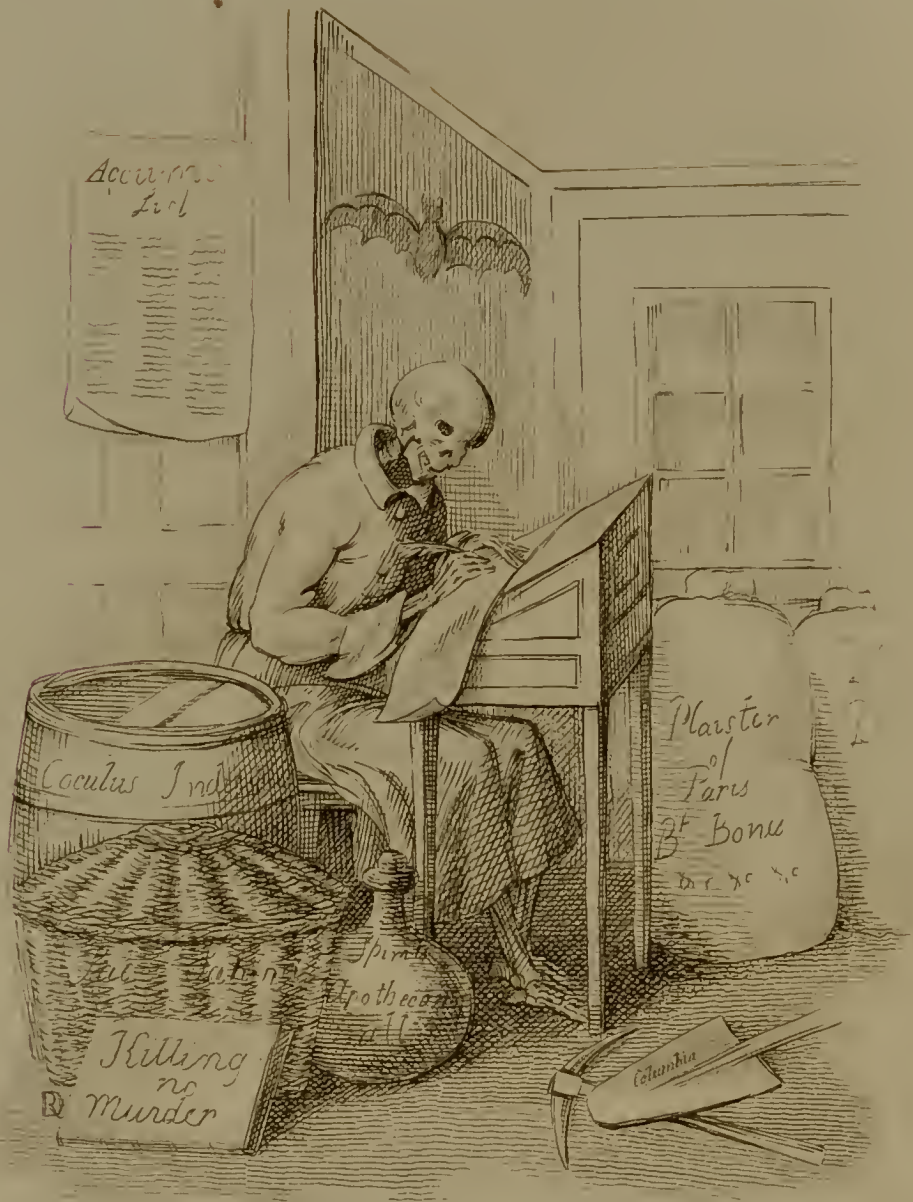
“ There is nothing here to fear, although it must

be confessed this pit looks ugly enough. You know I am an approved good charioteer, and, see, yonder we shall have the fence again. Cheer up, my love."

He had no sooner said these words than a large bird darted out from the opposite hedge with a rushing noise across the eyes of the horses, who, taking fright thereat, pulled different ways, and grew utterly unmanageable. The lady had only time to shriek out, "See the horses! the dream, the dream!"—when the carriage rolled on one side, and then was precipitated over the edge of the steep.

Some peasants, who accidentally strayed into that unfrequented place the same evening, found the carriage among briars and underwood, at the bottom of the dell, the horses mangled and dying, and the husband and wife folded in each others' arms, dead and cold!

C. O.



DEATH'S REGISTER.

DEATH (A DEALER),

TO HIS LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

PER post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
No consignment of your's ever suited me better :
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
And the coculus indicus beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan
Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor man* :
With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,
And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord* ;
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their
face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily
alter'd,
And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd :
For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—

Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here,
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier! *

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly favoured by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word
means
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas
and beans.

But let us suppose that they drink only water—
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur*.—Well, then,
d—me
(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till they're
dead
From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!

When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would
Drink port—I'll make use of your load of Brazil
wood:

* Both these puns have been consecrated by Bishop Andrews, in his *ex-ale-tation of alc*. This poem has also been ascribed to Beaumont.

But I wish you'd send *more* laurel-leaves and sweet
brier

For such as may like sherry flavoured *much* higher !
For the bottles,—you know, sir, I'm fairly entrust-
ing 'em

To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em.
Laurel-water, oak saw-dust, and quicklime, have
come

Just in time to be mixed with the brandy and rum.

Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—I think
We've prepared for the stomachs of all those who
drink ;

And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat
By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who *eat*.
Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their bread,
And their Gloucester derive its deep blush from red-
lead !

But why do I mention such matters to *you*,
Who without my poor hints know so well what to do ?
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,
As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future, my
neighbour,

To send me no sugar that's rais'd by *free labour*,

Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find fault
With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they
allow
That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me now,)
Even *cum grano salis*—they *do* say that such
An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.

Your's, &c.

Death.

DEATH AND HIS ALLIES.

'Tis said,—and when we find in rhyme
 These words, to doubt them were a crime ;
 'Tis said,—although I greatly fear
 I can't exactly tell you where,
 That Death one day began to think
 His trade was just upon the brink
 Of bankruptcy : so few there came
 To his grim regions that he wanted game.

He thought his labours nearly o'er,
 So little mischief was there brewing
 To save him, as it seemed, from ruin.

“ It was not thus,” he cried, “ of yore,
 When many a great and *glorious* fray
 Sent myriads to me in a day.
 But men are grown so chicken-hearted
 Since they with chivalry have parted,
 They will not venture now their lives,
 E'en for their better halves—their wives.
 But live so prudently and quiet,
 Without debauchery, war, or riot,

That scarcely one per day arrives
At this our court.—It was not thus
When great Achilles made such fuss ;
When Alexander, Cæsar, and a score
Of others sent me ample store
Of human victims, daily—duly,—
Those wholesale butchers whom I love so truly !
Nor was it thus when pious Mary,
Of dear subjects' lives ne'er chary,
Grilled heretics ; and for my dinner
Served up full many a roasted sinner.
Oh ! for some war—no matter what,
Profane or pious,—not a jot.
Murder is but a retail trade,
A petty, sneaking, smuggling game :
'Tis not by that my gains are made,
But war and glory, honour, fame !—
'Tis these who for me still prepare
A plenteous banquet worth my care,
But now—in truth 'tis very plain
That I must try some aid to gain.”
He called ; a numerous train appear
T' espouse his cause,—his mandates hear.
Mars first of course vowed to stand by him ;
And swore he only need to try him.
“ Go then ; but take the fair disguise
Of Glory : so we win the prize !

And cheat the world, and gain our ends,
And each our honest trade commends—
The fair—the coward—and the cruel.
War!—on my word, it is a jewel !
But you, fair lady—what can you
For Death, in these sad times, now do ?”
“ Sir,” cried the dame,—of winning mien,
For fairer sure, was never seen ;
“ Full many a good turn have I done ye,
And many a noble prize have won ye.
And though I scorn myself to praise
A stancher friend, in all your days,
Was never Mars, nor wanton Bacchus—
I like that jolly rogue Iacchus !—
Nor notwithstanding all their toils,
Have they e’er brought you richer spoils.
There’s been some business, sir, between us—
You can’t forget sure, your friend Venus ?
And here’s my comrade Mercury—
A trustier dog you ne’er shall see.
Also the worthy Æsculapius :
A very pretty sort of knave he is,
Although he looks so meek and pious ;
You know him well,—and he’ll stand by us.”
The leech now spoke, and said he’d pill all—
And drug, and undertake to *kill* all—”

Ills, he'd have said, had not a cough
Unlucky lopped the sentence off.
At hearing him of *killing* speak,
A ghastly smile o'erspread the cheek
Of Death, for very well he knew
He'd kill diseases and—the patients too :
“ Go, Æsculapius, then ; be ready
To take the form of Doctor ——
Go then, and London's walls shall see
Your name, which there shall blazoned be.”
One now advanced with a book,—
“ Sir Death, your servant,—I'm a cook—
Have done some service—Here, sir, look—
Here are receipts and savoury dishes
That to your net will bring some fishes.
I, with friend Bacchus and Sir Gout,
Will never let your stock be out—
I warrant me, we'll suit your wishes.
Aye ; quite as well as Famine, Pest,
Friend Mars—or any of the rest.
As for old Nature she is drowsy,
But we—you shan't complain—we'll rouse ye.”
Honour stepped forth, and made his bow,
His pistols showed, and with a vow
Swore he would send him fools enow.
Death grinned a smile of approbation,
And thus addressed the convocation,

“ My best and worthiest friends, to you
All praise and thanks from me are due.
I know, Sir Mars, your noble spirit ;
And Venus, well I prize your merit.
With Honour, Glory, Mars, and Bacchus—
Oh ! who shall dare now to attack us !
With Venus, Doctor, Mercury—
Now the whole world I may defy ;
Nor ought I too to overlook
The services of Master Cook,
Nor of Dame Fashion, who has sent
At times a pretty compliment,
A nice tid-bit, in gauzy drapery,
Just fit to put into my *apery*.
’Tis you, my stanch allies and friends,
On whom success so much depends.
Nature !—with her I ne’er had plenty :
Where she sends one, you send me twenty.
Were ’t not for you, my noble peers,
I should be greatly in arrears.
More trusty friends I need not ask,
To you I delegate the task
To hunt me game—beneath your mask.
Your merits are so great, I vow,
To whom the preference to allow
I hardly know,
Or where the palm I should bestow.

Which to prefer would much perplex,
Then let take place the fairer sex ;
And Venus, Honour, Glory, ye
Shall my fair train of Graces be.
Ye look so bright, ye are so winning,
The world will ne'er desist from sinning.
Then stir up lust, and war, and hate,
And all the ministers of fate,
Riot, and luxury, and vice,—
Excuse my terms not over nice—
Thus mortals will my presence court,
And fancy Death to be but sport.

W. H. L.

AN AUXILIARY OF DEATH.

IT was in the tranquil reign of ———, when neither war, pestilence, nor famine, swept the subjects of his kingdom from the face of the earth, that the grim Monarch of the tomb began to think himself defrauded of his rights, and to devise how to remedy the wrongs which he concluded had been inflicted upon him.

And, first, he called before him his regulating agent, Old Father Time, upbraiding him with lengthening the years of the inhabitants of this favoured empire, and especially by unnaturally prolonging the duration of peace.

With this Time said he had nothing to do, but that he could perhaps give a guess at one of the causes that kept this portion of the human race a longer period than heretofore on earth. It was that

a learned and skilful leech* had succeeded in quelling a direful malady ; and that not only this pestilent disorder, but others of a very malignant kind, had been greatly mitigated by the progress of knowledge which had of late years *diminished* the practice of medicine.

At this information, Death cast a withering look around him, and, in a sepulchral tone, commanded some of the principal destroyers of the human race to appear in his presence.

And now a low, but portentous sound was heard, as coming from a remote part of the cavern in which Death held his court, which gradually became more audible and terrific, until a form, gigantic in size, and furious in aspect, stood revealed. The uproar which immediately preceded his approach resembled the discharge of artillery, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of combat, mixed with the groans of dying men.—It was the Demon of War.

* Some presume that Dr. Jenner, of vaccine celebrity, is here alluded to.—ED.

This fell destroyer was, however, soon dismissed ; his readiness to serve was not at all questioned : and, if Death had to complain of the want of supplies, War had to grumble at his want of employment.—He accordingly filed off with marks of approbation, and an assurance that his vacation would not last long.

The phantom that next appeared was preceded by no sounds, but a chilling atmosphere seemed to invade even the chamber of Death, and the gaunt figure of Famine, with its meagre and wasted visage, stood before the universal devastator of mankind.

Upon being questioned why he had not visited the favoured land and given his powerful assistance in forwarding the works of the Destroyer, he readily answered, that he acted only on commission, and by the decrees of a higher power. True, he had his substitutes, the monopolists ;—some how or other, however, their measures were defeated by the bounty of Providence, or the vigilance of the government ; but he had an all-powerful friend and ally whom he would presently

introduce, with the permission of his mighty Commander, who had already made no inconsiderable inroads on the human frame by mixing himself in every society, where he seldom failed in planting his baneful influence, and in accelerating the march to the tomb.

Desirous of being acquainted with the ally and friend of Famine, Death gave instant orders for his admission ; and accordingly a low breathing was first heard, which gradually increased to deep sighs, and, on a signal given by Famine, a figure started into view : his pace sudden and irregular, his looks eager and penetrating, his visage sallow and gaunt like that of his precursor,—and, hideous to relate, he was in the act of feeding upon a human heart ; while the looks that he cast around him seemed to evince an insecurity of enjoyment of the hateful meal.

The auxiliary now brought into the awful presence was CARE, who, tremulous from anxiety, suspended awhile his operation of devouring, in obedience to the commands of so absolute an interrogator.

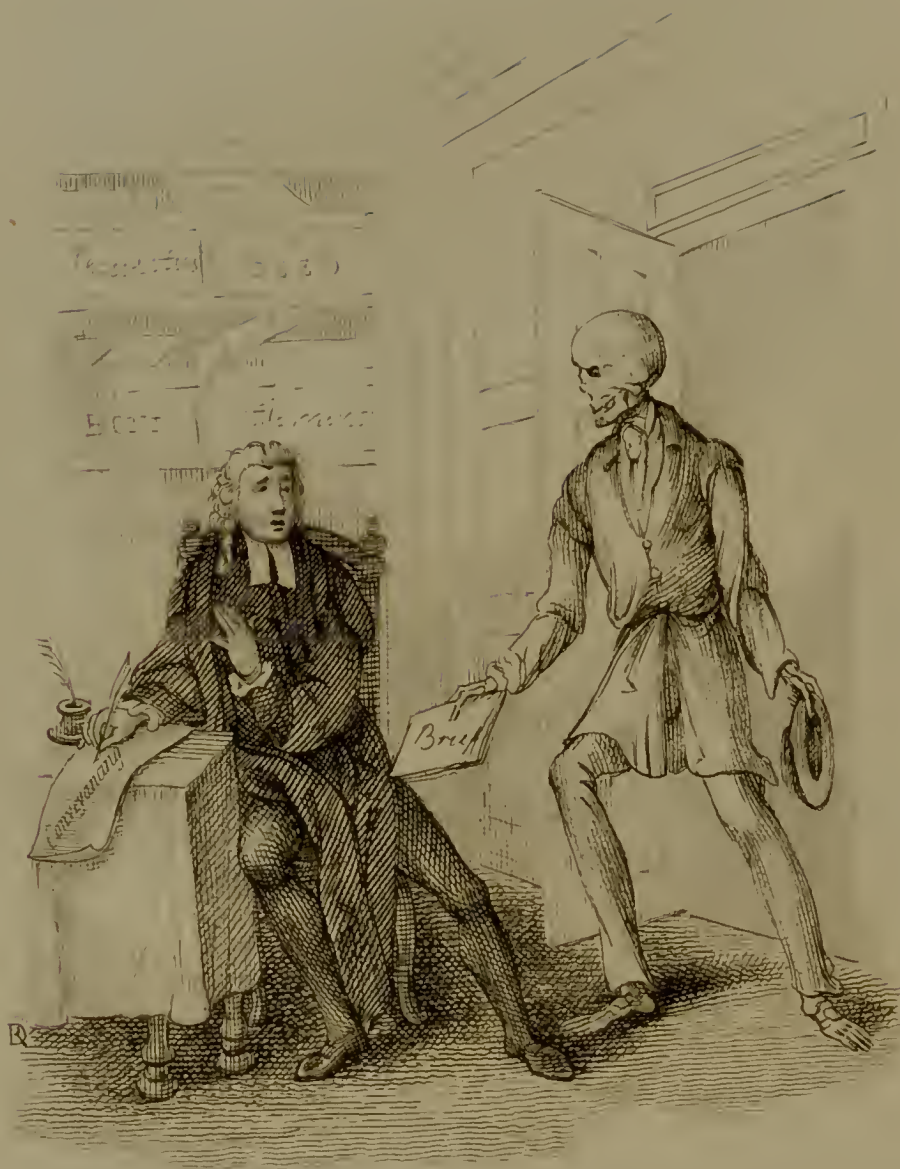
In exhibiting his means to effect the destruction of the human race, he produced a mixture which had the power so to canker and corrode the heart it once entered, that neither wealth nor greatness could withstand its baneful influence; and, while the fiendlike power was describing the various characters that had sunk beneath the effects of this subtle poison, it seemed as if Care himself could be diverted from carefulness when ardently employed. The details of his operations, and the artifices used by the afflicted parties to disguise their malady, threw a fitful gleam over the countenance of the grim tyrant, that gave a momentary emotion to his ghastly features; but whether the expression was surprise, or triumphant malignity, was not easily to be determined.

A pause of some length ensued, after which Care was permitted to touch, by way of approbation, the icy hand of Death, and to receive a regular commission enlisting him into the various forces employed in the destruction of the human species. Hence he carries on his operation in courts, in camps, in the palace of the monarch, and in the cottage of the villager. But it is in civilized life, and amid scenes

of leisure and retirement (where his presence is least suspected) that his power is mostly felt: indeed, a laugh is no unfrequent disguise that his victims put on, and his place of concealment is often *a bed of roses*.

HATCHMENT.





THE LAWYER.

DEATH AND THE LAWYER.

A DIALOGUE.

DEATH.

Good morrow, Sir! my call, I trust, is
 Agreeable to Law and Justice;—
 You see, I've got a cause in hand,
 So brought the *brief*—

LAWYER.

I understand—
 But, truly, when at first you enter'd,
 To raise my eyes I scarcely ventur'd;
 So *very* like a ghost you look'd,
 I almost fancied I was *book'd*.

DEATH.

And so I think you are, my bold one,
Book'd for a passage to the OLD ONE.— [Aside.
 Ah, Sir! so wondrous thin I'm grown,
 That urchins cry out *Daddy Bone*;

While full-grown wags indulge their whim,
And, jeering, call me *Gaffer Grim* !

LAWYER.

The varlets ! *do* they ?—that's a *libel*,
As sure as truth is in the Bible ;
Scan. mag. at least, and defamation,
To any gent. of reputation.
My dear Sir, let me bring an action
Against the rogues—and satisfaction,
In damages, you'll get, depend on't ;—
Nay, *that* alone mayn't be the end on't ;
For, if I can, a bitter pill
I'll give them in a Chancery bill ;
And when I once have got them *there*,
Such affidavits I'll prepare,
That though they swear with all their might,
I'll *prove*, if need be, black is white,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right ;
And—what to them the greatest curse is—
However full, I'll drain their purses.

DEATH.

I dare say your advice is proper—
But, Sir, these chaps have not a copper
To spend in law—

LAWYER.

Oh, never mind—
The money, *somewhere*, I would find !
Indeed, I feel for you sincerely,
And fain would punish them severely.—
But what's your *present* business, pray ?

DEATH.

Why, Sir, I wait on you to-day,
To bring the brief and a *retainer*— [Gives a fee.

LAWYER.

I hope, dear Sir, you'll be a gainer.
[Pockets the fee, and bows.

DEATH.

You *hope* so, eh ?—you'll change your story
When you've discover'd who's before ye. [Aside.
The brief, I think, you'd better read,
And afterwards we may proceed
To see what course we should pursue ;
The facts I'll fairly state—and you
Can then judge what you ought to do.

LAWYER.

Why, as to *reading* briefs, the fact is,
'Tis not exactly *modern practice* ;

However, I can skim it through,
 And make a *marginal* or two—
That I can do in half a minute—
 But, good or bad your cause, I'll win it!
 [*Takes the brief,—reads,—but soon appears*
dreadfully agitated.]

DEATH.

Why look you, Sir, with such surprise?
 Why shakes your frame—why roll your eyes?—
 Your client! see,—without disguise!
 [*Death throws off his clothing.*]

LAWYER.

Dread Spectre! are you what you seem—
 Or am I in a frightful dream?—
 And oh!—the *brief*!—what dreadful pain
 Now racks my poor distracted brain!
 What horrid vision of the night
 Is this which stands before my sight,
 And fills me with such dire affright?
 Hence—hence!—I pray ye—hence!

DEATH.

Not I;

Before I go, the *cause* we'll try:—

My case, at full, I'll fairly state ;
You, as your brethren's advocate,
Must meet the charges I shall bring.—
Thus, then, as counsel for the King,
I am instructed to maintain,
That all the money you obtain,
The produce is of woe and pain ;
That dire contention and confusion
Are brought about by your collusion ;
That law and endless litigation
(Which ruin more than half the nation,
Entailing mis'ry on mankind)
Delight your mercenary mind ;
That civil broils, domestic jars,
Seduction, rapine, murders, wars,
Men's own misfortunes and their neighbours',
Are *all* encouraged by your labours :
What say you, Sir ?

LAWYER.

With due submission,
I'd humbly state, no fair decision
I possibly can *here* obtain ;
For, if by *right* I were to gain
The cause, I'm almost sure ye
Would constitute both judge and jury :

I therefore do submit, by law,
We ought, *this* action to withdraw.

DEATH.

D'ye doubt my *justice*?—Zounds and fury!

LAWYER.

Justice! we *that* leave to the Jury;
The *Law* knows nothing (although odd it is)
Of justice, truth, and such commodities.

DEATH.

Ah! say you so?—what *is* Law, then?

LAWYER.

Law is a *trade*—by which *some* men
Arrive at honours, wealth, and state;
Others there are, less fortunate,
Who drive a harmless goose's quill
From morn to night with no small skill,
And yet can ne'er their bellies fill;
But they are simpletons—and whoso
Knows their fate, will never do so.

DEATH.

How, Sir! explain!—but no digression.—

LAWYER.

This trade—or, rather, “*the profession*,”
Requires, you see, a man of *parts*,
One who has learnt the useful arts—

DEATH.

“The useful arts!”—pray, which are they?

LAWYER.

For little work, to get great pay ;—
But if he see no hopes of booty,
Of course he should perform no duty ;—
Thus, if he can his int’rest serve,
And get rewarded, he may swerve
From any needy half-starv’d client ;—
In short, to int’rest be compliant
Eternally—no earthly reason
Should put self-int’rest out of season ;—
With Lawyers ’tis a standing dish,—
Their meat and drink !—

DEATH.

Come, Sir, I wish
You’d cut the matter rather short,
Or else, perhaps, I may resort
To means which may be not quite pleasant.

LAWYER.

Pray do not mention them at present !
You bade me tell—*what* our arts *are*,—
I've told you truly, I declare ;
And I should hope, that so much candour,
Without a syllable of slander,
Would e'en from you some kind regard
Beget—indeed 'twere very hard
That I should thus expose my friends,
And you not make me some amends.

DEATH.

Sir, you presume !—remember I
Came here, a ticklish *cause* to try ;
Though, possibly, put off I may
The trial to another day ;—
But, come—I'll hear a little more
About the “ useful arts ” of your
“ Profession.”

LAWYER.

Proud am I to say,
That no one can these arts display
Better than he who stands before ye.—
Thus, then, I now resume my story :—
A Lawyer ought to take delight in
All kinds of broils, abuse, and fighting ;

For, few things likelier are to fill
His pocket than a *swingeing* bill,
Obtain'd through any civil action,
When parties, seeking *satisfaction*,
Go to the Bench or Common Pleas—
For clever Lawyers there, with ease,
Get fame, as well as lots of fees!
He should no legal mode neglect,
The public's *follies* to correct;
By this I mean, a good tactician
Should fearlessly perform his mission,
Nor suffer any threadbare maxim
'Bout want of honesty to tax him—

DEATH.

Hold! hold!—for Honesty's abus'd,
Whene'er the *word's* by Lawyers us'd.
I've heard enough!—so, come with me.

LAWYER.

Oh, no! we never should agree;
Besides, you said, some *other* day
You'd call, when I was in the way.

DEATH.

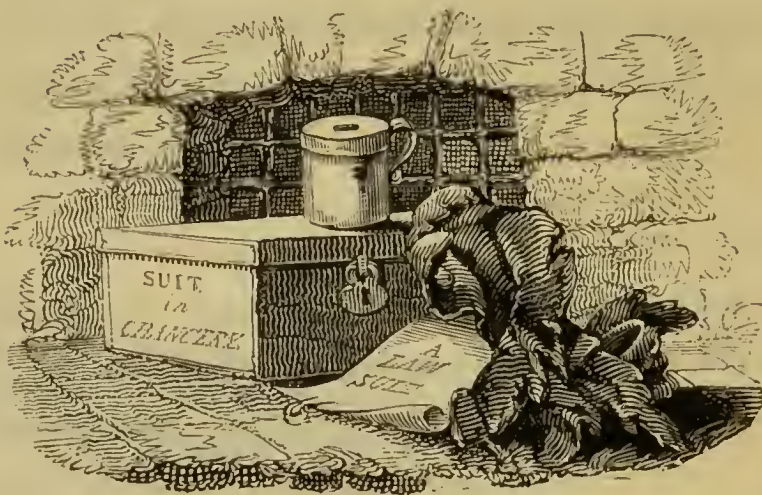
I own I did—then, be it so,
And when you feel dispos'd to go,

Perhaps you'll kindly let me know :—
As to the *cause* I had to try
With you—why, let it e'en stand by—
Some other time will do—I'll now,
With your permission, make my bow ;
But don't forget me ! if you do,
I'll certainly remember *you*,
And you shall recollect this warning :—
Good morning to you, Sir—good morning !
Next time you'll *go* !—I'll not be flamm'd.
[Exit DEATH.]

LAWYER (*solus*).

Go !—if I do go, —————

S. M.



L A W.

“ To him who goes to law, nine things are requisite. First, a good deal of money; secondly, a good deal of patience; thirdly, a good cause; fourthly, a good attorney; fifthly, a good counsel; sixthly, good evidence; seventhly, a good jury; eighthly, a good judge; and, ninthly, *good luck*.”

Law has been most aptly compared to an absorbent pipe or channel, through which, whatever may be poured into it, nothing passes; and its delay and expense have been exemplified by a chancery suit, which, having maintained its conductor for thirty years, is left as a notable legacy to his heir. It has been made a question, whether more than half the estates in this kingdom would not change possessors, was their legality properly sifted. Few, it is thought, would bear the ordeal touch of the lawyer's quill; “flaw in the best” might be found—some are “flaw all over.”

Law-terms may, in a great measure, be understood for their opposites ; thus :—

For Action,	<i>read</i> Confinement.
— Brief,	— Length or Delay.
— Securities,	— Uncertainties.
— Deeds,	— Words.
— Settlement,	— Contentions.
— Suit,	— Rags to the Client ; though warm clothing to the Lawyer.

As for justice, it is an obsolete term, thought by some to signify the largest fee ; many doubt its existence on earth, and compare it to the perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir, or any other chimera of the imagination.

It may well be said, that what is one man's meat is another's poison : since it is found that there are those of so perverse a disposition, that they cannot live without litigation, and must be handling the net of the law till they get entangled in its meshes. Characters of this description are principally found in country places, where causes spring up as fast as weeds, and are sure to encumber the richest soils ; then there is the game—what a prolific source of envy, hatred, and malice is the protection of game ! How many wrongs do the rights of man generate ! What a cause of bitterness to a sportsman is the full bag of a permitted shot !

From a box of game may have sprung evils almost as various as those which issued from that of Pandora; and while the London epicure is picking his teeth after his savoury meal, the purveyor may be paying the expenses in a law-suit, shot in a poaching broil, or taking a trip to Botany Bay.

“Have you got an attorney aboard?” cried old Hawser Trunnion, as he approached an inn; nor could he be induced to enter, till it was ascertained the coast was clear. Such was the pointed satire that Smollett levelled at the birdlime quality of law. The spirit of the law is indeed founded in equity, but it is the business of the litigators to quench that spirit;—hence arises all kind of legal distress, both in town and country; hence, all that load of wretchedness and misery, that * * * *

God bless my soul! what have I been writing about?—Why surely it is not actionable?—I don’t know that; to be sure of it, it will be necessary for me to examine carefully; let me see—units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of—I’ll count no more. “Let me not think on’t, that way madness lies;” the vision of such mighty volumes would appal the stoutest heart.

But what, it may be asked, has Death to do with the lawyer, any more than with the member of any other profession ? It comes to him as it comes to all.

It may be so ; but there are not wanting instances where the finer network of the brain, and a higher-wrought sensibility of the nerves, have given way to the entanglements and multiplied intricacies of law ; till Reason, tottering on its throne, has been at last extinguished by Death.

But though this observation may not be universally applicable, yet we believe it would be difficult to find a character to whom the approach of the King of Terrors would frequently be more ill-timed ; for, under the circumstances of professional engagements, every thing that should be done for every body, may be left, in chaotic confusion, to be handled by the unskilful, or scattered into fragments to furnish matter for fresh litigation.

PETER PLAINTIFF.





THE ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

“ I in these flowery meads would be :
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice ;

* * * *

And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.”

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast lov'd so long and well

The vale's deep quiet streams,
 Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
 Shedding forth tender gleams ;
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
 Glances in golden eves of spring ;

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
 Soft, soft the river flows,
 Wearing the shadow of thy line,
 The gloom of alder-boughs ;
 And in the midst, a richer hue,
 One gliding vein of heaven's own blue !

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
The scythe upon the mead ;
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,
At noon, his panting breast ;
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
Seeking her sedgy nest ;
The air is fill'd with summer's breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet look ! 'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learn'd to read the words of love
That shine o'er nature's page ;
If holy thoughts thy guests have been
Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour
By deep lone waters pass'd,
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
To cheer thee through the last ;
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell

F. H.

DEATH AND THE ANGLER.

THERE is a happy set of men whose dispositions are so well fitted to every station, that, in whatever rank or situation we meet them, they are always found pursuing pleasures most precisely adapted to their condition, and making the most of every circumstance that can conduce to their quiet or enjoyment. The whole wisdom of life is, perhaps, comprehended in this habitual choice and quick relish of attainable comforts. There are doubtless situations which afford more opportunities and a greater variety of pleasures than others; but still, however confined may be the little range of their recreations, some men will make so much of them, bring so many of their pleasantest thoughts and feelings to bear upon the present object, and so happily deceive themselves into the idea of their pursuits and enjoyments being the very best imaginable, that they will have a greater stock of happiness to draw from than others who possess much better opportunities of obtaining

it. The felicity of such a disposition consists in not looking far beyond our present condition for objects of enjoyment, and so not wasting the time in searching for good which might be passed in its fruition. Another of its principles lies in choosing such pleasures as may not depend exactly on our being at all times in the same circumstances of rank and fortune, and so not exposing ourselves to the hazard of dying of chagrin and melancholy, should we lose our money or fall out with our acquaintances.

Books, and habits of thought and contemplation, have ever been the favourite prescription for insuring this happy state of mind, and remedying both the real and imaginary evils we may meet with in life: and they are justly so, where the medicine is adapted to the constitution; for, generally speaking, it is as independent in its power of affording comfort and consolation, as the mind is itself of slavery or confinement; but it is too refined and subtle to work on every nature. The gross humours of flesh and blood are not always to be purified, or their turbulent risings to be subdued, by this æther-like draught; and, to be applied with success, it requires a previous chastisement of the heart and mind,—a preparation of character and feeling, which only years of thought

and, perhaps, of trial, can produce. But, happy it is, the sources of pure and innocent pleasure are not confined to the few whose minds are thus raised and spiritualized. The benevolent author of our being has not left us so dependent upon ourselves for enjoyment, or been so niggard in the furniture of the world, as to leave men without external objects of delight, fitted to produce that satisfaction and quietude of mind which others may perhaps obtain from their own internal resources. The pleasant sights and sounds of the country, the thousand forms the spirit of life assumes, and the combinations of thought and employment springing from these, are the natural wealth of the mind; and the class of men of which we have been speaking, are principally happy because they know how to enjoy it, and refuse to barter its possession for the fictitious riches of the world. Few men, therefore, are happier than the true lovers of the angle. Tranquil and contented, they become assimilated to the scenes they frequent, lose all worldliness of spirit, and acquire that gentle and subdued tone of feeling which, if it raise them not above their fellow men, makes them at least more benevolent and happy. We can of course say these things only of such as pursue the art with diligence and a true fondness for its plea-

suress ; and I have had in my eye an old and faithful disciple of Izaak Walton, whom I often accompanied when a boy, in his favourite rambles. He was, in truth, the beau ideal of an angler, and I loved him, as well for his true kindness of disposition, as for his patience in instructing me in the art.

Of a mind naturally disposed to retirement, and somewhat visionary in its complexion, he found a resource in this amusement which his slender income would have denied him if sought in other pursuits; and he passed a long life of sober, peaceful happiness, with as little dependence on fortune or the world, as can fall to the lot of most men. He was not naturally studious, but he had, some how or other, picked up a vast variety of knowledge which, floating through his mind like a quiet stream, and blending with the fancies of his own thoughts, gave a somewhat learned and imaginative tone to his conversation, which has lured me through many a day along the sequestered and solitary paths which led to his favourite spots. I always remarked that he chose for his stations the most picturesque of the kind that could be found; and I have had often occasion to observe in other persons fond of this pursuit, that they almost invariably fixed upon the

spots which a poet or painter would have chosen for the exercise of his art.

My old friend would travel miles to one of these favourite places; and there was scarcely a stream or brooklet, far and near, by which he had not stood and mused. There were the broad meadow waters, the deep and narrow forest stream, the rivulet of the hills, the clear gushing brook, and the troubled fall; by all these he had, winter and summer, passed hour after hour, intensely occupied with his sport and unrestrained speculations. When he had arrived at one of these places, and fairly begun his operations, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of the most perfect tranquillity, and he would begin to talk of his experience and the pleasure of the pursuit, till he brought all the fairest branches of art and knowledge to bear upon the subject. He would first number the wonderful properties of the element which afforded him such delight; wander from the banks of the river, over which he was leaning, to the mighty floods that traverse distant regions,—to the haunted streams of northern glens, or to those which are renowned in story for some great and noble enterprise. He would thence take occasion to narrate some of the many curious facts that were stored up in his me-

mory; adduce, with a serious and devout air, passages from holy writ, in illustration of his remarks, and moralize with such a serene and benevolent tone of voice, that his discourse was like that music of philosophy of which Milton speaks.

I always looked forward to a day's excursion with this, my old and kind instructor, with the highest pleasure; and, as I was somewhat of a favourite, I had frequent opportunities of accompanying him in his rambles. It occurred, however, sometimes, that he determined on going to some distant part of the neighbourhood, and he then made especial arrangements for the excursion, which was generally deferred till the weather should be particularly propitious. The last time I enjoyed with him his favourite pursuit, was on an occasion of this kind. It was in the early part of the autumn, and we had been waiting some days for an encouraging morning. One at length arrived, and we set off before the earliest bird had begun its song. After having left the village, our path lay along the banks of the stream, which we had to follow for some miles, before we could gain the desired spot.

The heavy mists of an autumn night were just beginning to be agitated by the stir of awakening day,

and their thick masses were coloured here and there with gleams of changing light. As the darkness rolled away, and the quiet yellow-tinted woods, towards which we were journeying, became visible, first one and then another bird twittered a few low notes; and these, with the whisperings of the stream, the sigh of the gale among the old gray willows, and the uncertain murmur of the distant echoes, were well in harmony with the pleasant mystery of the pensive half-veiled landscape. Many were the musings of my old friend as we picked our path through the long dewy grass; and, whether or no it was but imagination, I know not, but I thought he seemed more desirous than I had ever yet found him, though his reflections had often had that tendency, of finding resemblances between seen and unseen things, and seizing on the sweet voices and revealings of nature as illustrations of the knowledge he had gained from a clearer source.

We at length arrived at our destination, and, after all due ceremony and preparation, set ourselves down by the side of as clear a brook, and under the sylvan shade of as green a canopy, as could be found in this fair land of landscape. It is almost impossible to watch the silent flow of water for any

length of time, without feeling the thoughts steal away into the far future; and when they catch a hue of beauty from surrounding objects, and the mind is at ease, there is no situation perhaps more soothing. Our reflections of course had the different character of youth and age. Mine rested in the fairy world of untried humanity: his were borne beyond the confines of time, and blending the experiences of a long life with the elevated and solemn joy that attends the consciousness of its close.

Hour after hour had passed away in this manner, and the deep hush of noon had lulled our little solitary covert into repose. My companion was still sunk in reverie; but, as it was our usual time for repast, I rose to unpack our wallet under the shade. As soon as I had done this, I returned to rouse him, but received no answer to my summons; I called again, and a low sigh made me conclude the heat had overpowered him with drowsiness. At this moment, however, his head sank heavily on his breast, and the angle, which I had never before seen loosened in his hand, dipped low in the stream. The gentle spirit of my old friend had passed away, and Death, the mighty fisher of men, held him, unresisting, in his grasp.

H. S.

WALTONIAN REMINISCENCES.

"Blest silent groves, oh may you be
 For ever Mirth's best nursery !
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And Peace still slumber by these purling fountains :
 Which, we may every year
 Meet when we come a-fishing here."

Sir H. Wotton.

SCENE I.—*The River Itchen, below Winchester.*

PISCATOR, SOCIUS, and TYRO.

Piscator, (soliloquizing). The world may say what they will of an Angler's life—your men of fashion may laugh at it—your men of business may affect to despise it—but, for quiet recreation and innocent enjoyment, its parallel is not to be found on earth. O what a pleasant sight it is to view the young fry playing in the silver stream! how sweet to hear the sedges rustling in the breeze, and to listen to the gurgling music of the waters! The rippling current and the placid lake have at all times their peculiar

charms; but when the finny tribe are eager for the bait, and the lynx-eyed Trout, darting from his bed of river-moss, seizes the May-fly, as it glides on the surface of the stream, how it rejoiceth the heart of an honest Angler! he hails it as a goodly omen; then carefully, but tenderly, fastening to his hook (as I now do) the pretty little gossamer-winged insect, he skilfully throws out his line, and, like the pious Fishermen of old, patiently waits for his reward!—Ha! who do I see yonder?—verily, my old friend and brother of the Angle, Socius, walking hitherward, and in deep converse with his well-beloved kinsman, Tyro. Good morrow, gentlemen; how fares it with you?

Socius. Hale and hearty, brother; never better. But how goes sport to-day, Piscator?

Piscator. Hush! hush!—stand aside, I pray ye, or you'll frighten away as fine a fellow as ever swallowed a hook. There!—steady—steady!—now I have him: here, give me the landing-net, or I may yet lose my labour, for he is a strong fish and seems to be none of the lightest. So! what think you of him?

Tyro. He's a rare trout, truly; hog-backed and

well speckled, and weighs, as I should guess, two pounds or more. But you have not resolved the question my Master Socius put to you--“how goes sport to-day?”

Piscator. How? why, as it generally goes with one who practises his art till he becomes perfect in it; though, to say the truth, the fish are unusually abstemious this morning: however, I have now made up three brace, and as I see you are more bent on conversation than on Angling, with your good leave, I will join you in company, and we will walk towards the Dolphin, at the village of Twyford, hard by, where our hostess shall dress the fish and provide for us a good, plain, comfortable dinner; after which we will endeavour to amuse ourselves, with innocent discourse and pleasant recollections, till night-fall.

Socius. Agreed. Come, Tyro, thou shalt carry the spoil; for the back of a lusty young fellow of five-and-twenty is more fitted for a burthen, than that of a man who is well nigh three-score-and-ten.

Tyro. 'Tis an honourable office, and I will perform it right willingly.

Piscator. I thank you, my worthy friends; not that I absolutely need such assistance; but let a man be ever so careful of his health, yet as old age creeps on, his bodily ailments come with it, and he needs no monitor but Time to warn him that his strength endureth not for ever. Look at yonder hollow trunk!—that was once as fine and flourishing a tree as ever graced the margin of a stream. Well do I remember that in my boyhood its outspreading limbs o'erhung the river, and often have I reclined at its foot to enjoy its umbrageous shelter; but little did I then imagine that I should live to see it shorn of its beauty, and despoiled of its towering branches; but, alack! all things here must have an end; and I feel that, like that once noble tree, I am not only stript of my verdure, but fast hastening to decay; and that—

Socius. Hold, hold! I beseech you; if you moralize thus, I fear the seriousness of your discourse will spoil my appetite, although I am at this moment as hungry as a hawk. Come, come, cheer up! you do not often indulge in melancholy reflections; and you know full well that few can boast of such a vigorous old age as yourself.—See, we have arrived within a few yards of the house; so let us take a turn in

the garden, and give another turn to our conversation, while dinner is preparing.

Tyro. Do so, my right noble Masters; meanwhile your Scholar will help our hostess to prepare the frugal meal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Dolphin, Twyford. The Cloth removed; and Liquor, &c. on the Table.*

Tyro. Yes, yes, my worthy Master, doubtless I could succeed with the Angle if I knew some of its secrets.—'Tis an art and mystery, as a body may say.

Piscator. A fiddlestick's end! Secrets indeed! Why, were I to tell thee all I know concerning it, I should then fall short in many things which my venerable friend and instructor, my ever-dear Izaak Walton, has set down in his matchless treatise. Study that, Tyro, and it will afford thee food for the mind, while it furnishes thee with a store of knowledge as an Angler.

Socius. Rightly argued, Piscator. I have often told him to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest

the Complete Angler ; but, I fear Tyro has too little patience ever to become an expert master of the rod and line. Still, I pray thee, answer his interrogatories, or he will grow disheartened.

Piscator. Thou knowest that, without diligence, observation, and practice, it would be to no purpose, or I would freely answer them ; for he that hath not patience to read Izaak Walton's book till its maxims are engraven on his memory, must not aspire to become one of our fraternity, neither doth he deserve the pleasure which your truly contemplative man feels from it ; and he who can read the piscatory instructions which it contains, and not profit by the pleasant tales and serious reflections so ingeniously interwoven amongst them, must have a harder heart and a softer head, methinks, than my friend Tyro.

Tyro. Nay, nay, Piscator, chide me not. Believe me, I have read the Complete Angler with delight, and thereby gleaned much valuable knowledge. And if you will but inform me which are the best places to resort to for the sport on the divers branches of this stream, I will speedily endeavour to prove, by my performance, that your advice has not been unseasonably bestowed.

Piscator. Answered like a promising Scholar; and thou mayst rest assured I will not only satisfy thy longing upon that score, but thou shalt practise with me, and note what I do. But let us replenish our glasses, and then, like good fellows, proceed with our harmony.

Socius. Agreed, my old Trojan. What shall it be?

Piscator. What? let me see. Why, the three-part song that honest Izaak used to delight in, and which he has often taken a part in when we were wont to regale together after a fishing excursion. I do love to recal that prince and patriarch of Anglers to my mind; though I am free to confess that the Angler's Glee savours but little of his own incomparable vein of sober humour.

THE ANGLER'S GLEE.

*Right socially we live, and never disagree,
Troll away, troll away, my boys!
Our hearts, like our purses, are open, light, and free,
And if the fish bite, who so happy as we,
Or who feel such innocent joys?
Then when from sport returning,
Each Angler takes his glass,
To toast some fav'rite lass
For whom Love's torch is burning,
The merry catch goes round, or the care-killing glee;*

*Time employing cheerily,
 Life enjoying merrily;
 Free from discord, noise, and strife,
 Is an honest Angler's life,
 For his rod and line by day are the source of true delight,
 And a cheerful welcome home is his sure reward at night.
 Troll, troll, troll away—troll, troll, troll away,
 Troll away, troll away, my boys!*

Piscator. Fill your glasses ; fill, fill to the brim ! and I will give you a right honest sentiment.—Here's to the memory of Izaak Walton ; and may his fame float upon the stream of Time, as long as fishes swim, or rivers flow!—Ah ! well do I remember the last day's sport I had with him ; 'tis now upwards of forty years ago. It was a lovely day in June, and Izaak had turned his eighty-eighth year. I called for him, according to custom, at his kinsman's, the Doctor's,* and we began our operations just below the College Mill, sauntering along, and throwing in here and there, till we reached Brambridge Shallows. We had excellent luck—excellent ! but Izaak—poor old Izaak—found out, at last, that to walk so far when on the verge of ninety was too much for his strength, and from that time he never ventured

* Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester, and the son-in-law of Izaak Walton, at whose house he resided several years before his death ; which, according to the inscription on the stone erected to his memory in the cathedral of that city, took place in December, 1683, Walton having attained his ninetieth year. Izaak Walton was born in August, 1593.—*Wood's Athenæ Oxon.*

farther than St. Cross meadows or the foot of St. Catherine's hill, in pursuit of his much-loved diversion.

Socius. I never hear St. Cross mentioned without reflecting, with gratitude, on its noble asylum for age and poverty: a more perfect relic of the pious benevolence of our forefathers is not to be found in Britain than this goodly Hospital of St. Cross—this calm and tranquil retreat from the busy world of care and folly. Tyro and I came that way hither, and on passing the porter's lodge, craved the customary boon of a crust of bread and a horn of beer—not exactly as poor wayfaring men would do, certainly; for we put a piece of silver in the porter's palm as a token of our gratitude.

Piscator. Ah, that was just our Father Walton's usual manner. He has done the self-same thing in my company many times. I have often heard him speak, too, of the pleasure he felt in whiling away an hour in the heat of the day in that cool sequestered spot, perambulating the shady cloisters, and picking up some of those amusing traditions with which the intelligent old "brother" Peter used to delight his hearers. Aye, and many a time and oft

have I there met him with young Master Izaak, Dr. Hawkins, or the late Master of St. Cross, Dr. Markland, and passed hours in the most happy and instructive converse. Trust me, although Izaak was not a native of our city, no one was more delighted with its pleasant site, or prouder of its ancient glories and its still existing charities.

Tyro. So I have often heard before; and therefore have I thought it somewhat strange that he should have passed the latter part of his life at Winchester, and say little or nothing in his Complete Angler concerning the trout streams which flow through the city, and give such freshness and beauty to the surrounding country.

Piscator. Thou wilt not marvel thereat, Tyro, when thou hearest that his book was writ some years before he came to dwell there; but he saith, and saith truly, that “ Hampshire exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts.” This he knew right well, from having visited the country in his early days, and fished both in the *Itchen* and the *Test*;* and I have often

* The River *ITCHEN* rises a little above Alresford Pond, and empties itself into the Southampton Water. Excellent trout fishing com-

heard him confess, that the great delight and comfort of his old age consisted in living in a place so congenial to his taste and pursuits.

mences at Alresford, continues so at Itchen Stoke, Avington, the several Worthys, Barton, St. Cross, Twyford, Brambridge, Bishop's-Stoke, and terminates at Woodmill. In the pond at Alresford are particularly large trout, which are never in good season until August. The trout at the before-mentioned places are good from the latter end of March until August. Among the favourite places for Fly-fishers may be considered Itchen Common, Martyr's Worthy Shallows, King's Worthy River, Bullbridge Shallows, Cryptshott, St. Cross Mill-Pond, Brambridge Shallows, Bishop's-Stoke deep water, and farther on towards Woodmill.

On the TEST, the best fishing is to be found at the following places : namely, at Chilbolton, Leckford, Longstock, Stockbridge, Mersh Court, Bossington Brook, Baybridge, Stanbridge, Broadlands, Testwood, and farther on to Redbridge, where the said river falls into the Southampton Water. The water in this river is so very pellucid, that the fish are very rarely taken except by doubling rods.

The trout caught in the River Test are infinitely superior to any other (almost in England), being considerably larger and firmer, and are certainly of a different nature from the trout taken in the Itchen, which are, however, very good of their kind.

For the information contained in the foregoing note, our thanks are due to a gentleman of Winchester, whose urbane manners and skill as an Angler justly entitle him to the appellation of a true disciple of Izaak Walton. Though our own local recollections helped us to the text, we confess that our knowledge of "the art" is much too limited to have supplied the note. Luckily for us, Walton himself furnishes us with an excuse for our ignorance, in the following words :—"Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so;" and "he that hopes to be a good Angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself."

Socius. I verily believe, *Piscator*, that had Izaak Walton resided among us Wintonians at an earlier period, we should have heard less of his favourite Tottenham High Cross, and more of my favourite Saint Cross. Nay, it has more than once presented itself to my mind, that he would have made an admirable historian of our ancient city, could he have been persuaded to set about so praiseworthy an undertaking. You know he was not sparing of his labour in research, as his excellent biographical works attest;*—and what a rich mine he might have dug in here, where the bones of Alfred, Egbert, and a host of other sovereign princes still repose! with what delight would he have descanted on the pious labours of those who lie buried in the church of the Holy Trinity! how pathetically would he have described the virtues and eulogised the bounty of its patrons and benefactors, from the days of St. Swithin to those of William of Wykeham!

Piscator. I cannot fall in with thy notion, *Socius*,

* Walton was the Biographer of Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. George Herbert, and Mr. Richard Hooker, all eminent men of their day; and that he acquitted himself in a manner highly creditable to his talents may be gathered from the testimony of learned contemporaries.

however much I may be disposed to laud the splendid talents and great attainments of my venerated friend. Antiquity is a study, methinks, that was not so well suited to his taste as the description of Nature in her quiet peaceful vales, where wild flowers bloom, birds carol their sweet notes, clear brooks meander, and fishes leap for joy.

Tyro. Pardon me there, Piscator, but I judge that honest old Izaak, like his pupil, felt more pleasure in hooking a fish than in seeing one leap for joy.

Piscator. I know, boy, thou art fond of raillery on this head, and I forgive thee; though I doubt not that if the ghost of Izaak Walton were to appear before thee, he would prove, to thy confusion, that our favourite diversion is a merciful method of thinning the over-teeming rivers, and not a cruel sport, as some blasphemously pronounce it to be; nay, that Angling is as pleasant a pastime for the fish as for the fisherman. Thou must have seen, by his book, that he loathed all barbarous amusement; but, as for Angling, he urges divers unanswerable arguments in favour of its practice, observing that many of the patriarchs and prophets of old were fishers, as were also four of Christ's apostles; and, besides enumerating

many pious men of later times who lived virtuous and temperate lives and delighted in Angling, he referreth to profane history as well, and shows that the greatest of men—aye, and women too—recreated themselves with the sport of fishing: there were Antony and Cleopatra, and——

Socius. Enough—proof enough, in all conscience! —isn't it, Tyro? That jade Cleopatra was a queen of fishers, and well knew how to bait her hook,—eh, boy?

Tyro. Aye, marry, did she; and, if I mistake not, your female Anglers, now-a-days, understand the art of catching gudgeons quite as well as Egypt's voluptuous queen did.

Piscator. *Experientia docet*—doth it not, Tyro? I verily think the cherry-cheeked daughter of our hostess hath got thee at the end of her line.

Tyro. Expert as thou art, Piscator, at catching fish, thou wilt not catch *me*. I pray ye remember, Master, that I was brought up at Wykeham's College, and the first lesson they teach us there is to tell no tales out of school. Still I hope thou wilt allow

that a man may be a true Lover, though he be but a sorry Angler.

Piscator. It would be bad indeed for the softer sex, Tyro, if it were otherwise; and I frankly own that I commend thy silence in a matter so delicate; but, for true love's sake, thou shalt indulge us with a love-song.

Tyro. Well, if you will have it so, I will make an attempt; and if I fail therein, let my want of practice be an excuse for my inability: but—

Socius. No buts, Tyro, but the song;—come, boy, give us thy love-song, without a prologue.

TYRO'S SONG, ENTITLED SLY CUPID.

*Though Huntsmen may sing of the joys of the chase,
And Anglers, of line, hook, and rod,
The joy of all joys, which to none can give place,
Springs from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
Which so carelessly hang by his side,
Are far more effective than Dian's, I trow,
When properly they are applied:
O Cupid, thou dear little god!*

*Though Soldiers may boast of their glorious scars,
 I'll wager, though you think it odd,
 That many more wounds than are given by Mars,
 Come from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
 Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
 Which so carelessly hang by his side,
 Are more than a match for all weapons below,
 When properly they are applied:
 O Cupid, thou dear little god!*

*Though the sons of gay Bacchus take pleasure in wine—
 I'll swear, when they stagger and nod,
 Their pleasures are painful; but pleasures divine
 Spring from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
 Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
 Which so carelessly hang by his side,
 Give exquisite pleasure, as all of us know,
 When properly they are applied.
 O Cupid, thou dear little god!*

Piscator. Thanks, Tyro, thanks. Here's to thee and thy song. And now, methinks it is high time to depart: so step out, and, as thou art purse-bearer to-day, pay our good hostess her charge for this entertainment; and, hark ye, Tyro, when thou givest her daughter (as I guess thou dost intend to do) a parting kiss, don't whisper in her ear too much about "sly Cupid."

Tyro. I shall not come to thy confessional, Master, if I do; but—*verbum sap.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Road leading to Winchester.*

Socius. How calm and refreshing is the air ! See, *Piscator*, how beautifully the golden rays of the setting sun are reflected against the numerous windows of yon noble pile ! Alas, old Winchester!—once favoured city of the west, how are thy glories vanished ! it seemeth that the hand of Fate is against thee, and that thou never, never shalt revive.

Piscator. And dost thou really think, *Socius*, that this ought to be a cause for regret ? What, if the unfinished palace of Charles the Second frown in solitary state, and the ruins of Wolvesey show marks of desolation, are we not exempt from the vices which congregate in a metropolis ? If the surrounding country were enclosed for the convenience and private enjoyment of royalty and royal retainers,—in the name of goodness, would not our purling streams and verdant meadows have been shut out from us ? Think of that, *Socius*—think of that, as my dear friend Walton would say, “ with tears of gratitude in thy eyes.”

Socius. True, true ; yet I cannot regard its former magnificence without something like a feeling of re-

gret; but I own thou art more of a philosopher, and viewest things as they ought to be viewed—closely and justly. Still when I consider that even in the time of the Celtic Britons “the White City,” (for such was the name they gave to Winchester, from the chalky cliffs which overhang and surround it) was one of the most celebrated places in this island; and that afterwards, under the dominion of its various conquerors, the Belgæ, the Romans, and the Saxons, it was the seat of power; nay, that even some three or four centuries ago, it was the capital of the kingdom,—thou must not wonder that a love for the antique and romantic will occasionally beget a sigh, as my mind retrospectively glanceth at the by-gone glories of my native town.

Piscator. Believe me, I can more than pardon thy feelings; I respect them, though I feel not like thee.—But see, how Tyro lags behind. The lad, I warrant, is musing on the red lips and sloe-black eyes of that pretty wench at the Dolphin. I’faith! now I look again, I see that, as he walks along, he is writing: ’tis some love epistle, or a new copy of verses, mayhap, about the bow and arrows.—Tyro! slow-footed Tyro, what engageth thy attention so deeply? Come hither, man.

Tyro. I crave your pardon, my good Masters, for my tardy pace ; but I will presently overtake you.

Socius. He hastens towards us. Now, Tyro, tell us with candour, what thou hast been employed about so busily.

Tyro. Truly, I have been thinking so much of the pleasant discourse we have had this afternoon—am so much in love with an Angler's life—and withal so highly esteem the memory of Piscator's early friend and monitor, that, as I walked along, I have been tempted to tack together a few lines in verse respecting him.

Piscator. Thy labour I regard as a compliment paid to myself ; and I trust thou wilt not only read what thou hast written, but give thy manuscript to me. I rejoice, too, to hear thee express thy love for an Angler's life. O, who would not be an honest Angler ! “ Let me tell you,” as my ever-dear Izaak expresseth himself, “ there be many who have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who with the expense of a little money have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ;

and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money."

Tyro. And if I remember rightly, he further saith, "We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself."

Socius. Dip where we will, the page of Izaak Walton ever instructeth—ever delighteth. But—read thy lines; for see, we have nearly reached King's-gate, and thou knowest that Piscator must leave us not many yards from that spot.

Piscator. Aye, boy; read, read. If an Angler's stock of patience *could* be exhausted, I declare this delay would be the sure means of exhausting it.

Socius. For patience' sake, then, read.

Tyro. Before I begin, Piscator, I should tell thee it is in the form of an Epitaph on thy friend; for though I know thou wouldst say it were sacrilege to displace that which the younger Izaak caused to be raised in the Cathedral to his beloved father's me-

mory, yet I have often heard both thee and Socius lament that the tablet did not more fully paint his life and matchless character. What they were I have learned from thee: therefore think me not presumptuous, I beseech thee, in having attempted to describe one whose virtues I fain would imitate, though to do that effectually would, I know, require far more fortitude, meekness, piety, and self-denial, than generally fall to the lot of man.

TO THE MEMORY OF IZAAK WALTON.

*Stay, Reader, stay! and let the pious tear
Attest thy love for him who sleepeth here:
'Tis IZAAK WALTON!—"honest Izaak" hight—
He who in ANGLING took such rare delight;
He who, when musing by the silent brook,
Equipt with angle-rod, with line, and hook,
E'er studied Nature from her living book;
Her laws he lov'd—for Nature's laws are mild—
And Nature own'd him as her fav'rite child.
Calm was his life and like a river clear;
His heart was manly, open, and sincere;
Of peaceeful habits he, of holy mind,
Of cheerful converse, of affections kind;
Of ready wit, but void of all offence;
Of simple manners, but of sterling sense;
Though frugal, lib'ral—gen'rous too, but just—
Possess'd of virtues, as it were, in trust
To use them for the benefit of others,—
For all mankind to IZAAK were as brothers.*

Piscator. I thank thee, Tyro. Those lines thou *must* give to me; and I promise thee that, for Izaak's sake and thine, I will carefully preserve them. And now, my kind friends, we are come to the very spot where, to seek our several homes, we must part. Good night; and God be with you both!

Socius. And so say I.

Tyro. And I. Good night!

S. M.

WALTON was buried, according to his own request, in the most unostentatious manner possible. He lies in Prior Silksteed's Chapel, in Winchester Cathedral, and the grave-stone which covers his remains has the following inscription:—

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
 M^R ISAAC WALTON,
 WHO DYED THE 15^H OF DECEMBER
 1683.

*Alas ! hee's gone before,
 Gone to returne noe more !
 Our panting Breasts aspire
 After their aged Sire
 Whose wellspent life did last
 Full ninety years and past,
 But now he hath begun
 That which will ne're be done,
 Crown'd with eternall blisse,
 We wish our Souls with his.*

Votis modestis sic flerunt liberi.

DEATH, THE SAGE, AND THE FOOL.

I.

HENCE with thy rhapsodies — the world — the
world!—

Wends on his reckless course the gay — the
young—

Where Fashion hath her gonfalon unfurled,

And Beauty's Circe-lips have loudest sung!

What, though the roses which fond childhood flung

O'er his calm breast, are scorch'd by Passion's
flame,

And all is desolate where they blushing sprung;—

He seeks enjoyment, and loud laughs at fame,—

He gains it—bitter gain: a mockery—but a name!

II.

Yet, though—albeit, in his wild career,

He join in midnight dance and revelry,—

And doth, like tipsy pilot, madly steer

His reeling bark through Passion's ruthless sea,—

Uncheer'd, unlustred by bright Beauty's eye;
Long wout to shine, and kindly guidance give—
(A constant cynosure from laughing sky),
Yet hath been his to some (sad) purpose live,
And have a goal in life, though not a name survive !

III.

But 'tis not thus with cold and cloistered Sage,
Wasting in calculating dreams his day ;
Till his shorn temples are besprent by age,
And manhood's sunshine yields to evening gray !
One constant task his rolling years display,—
His task of visioned mystics ; whilome health
Fades like a morning mist away—away,—
And grim Death stalks with solemn-pacing
stealth,
To mar his full-blown hopes,—his heart's long-
hoarded wealth !

IV.

Then—then what boots the philosophic fire,
That lit the sacred mansion of his breast ?
Freedom from Passion's thrall and young Desire,—
And stern rebuke of Beauty's soft behest,
Sighing and pining to be fond carest ?
Hath he enjoyed the loveliness of life,

Alone by Reason's Prosper-wand confess'd ?

Alas ! his feverish dreams and visions rife
Have mildewed judgment,—thought,—though far re-
moved from strife.

V.

Land of the storied brave,—though now the tread
Of the dull slave unechoed walk the ground,
Yet, glorious land, thine—thine the learned dead !

There his wise saws the Citian* sage around
To wondering crowds proclaimed ; there—there
was found

The heaven-blest doctor of the Academe ;
Thence the Aristotelian thunder's sound
Issued, and glow'd the philosophic beam ;
Yet light-spced it has pass'd, and all is but a dream !

VI.

Death and obstruction † now their empire hold
Where once was angry jar and hot dispute ;
Fame, that would aye their endless praise have
told !

Hath silenced now her hoarse unheeded suit

* Zeno, the stoic.

† "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."—*Shakspeare*.

To hard posterity ;—and all is mute,
Save the loud jibes of envious Mockery's tongue,
Such is of earthly Worth the bitter fruit ;
While o'er its tomb her scornful laugh hath rung,
When pointing at the 'scutcheon Age would high
have hung !

VII.

And thy lot, wisdom-scoffer, is the same,
Though mock'st thou Cynic tub and Stoic school !
Yea, Folly ne'er will fail her own to claim,—
Her mark denounces thee, cold heartless fool,
For wasting life without design or rule !
Oh, foolishness ! to gaze upon the land,
And idly deem Creation but the tool
To feed thy sluggishness with impious hand—
And, for thee, wonders work, as erst on Egypt's
strand !

VIII.

Enthusiast—impious boaster,—think'st the earth
In gladness yields to summer's hot embrace,
Only to lengthen thy impassioned mirth ;
So thou, exalted in thy pride of place,
Deem thyself only favoured of thy race ?
The while, to waste is thine sole idle care,

In bubbled fancies, youth and manhood's grace ;
And, having dreamt of pleasure—new, bright,
fair,
In rapture wild thou snatchest,—and Death's hand
is there !

IX.

Bold madman—fool,—save bauble, crest, and
bell !
Nurtured hadst thou that seed kind Heaven hath
sown
Within thy bosom,—and who—who shall tell
But it to glowing vigour might have grown,
And yielded richer fruit than e'er hath blown
Within the Hesperian dragon-warded meads?
But years on swallow-wings have rapid flown,
Whilst thou art yet to learn that there must
needs,
To immortalize thy name, be bright immortal deeds !

X.

Read ye the page of history : Greece had sons
Such as have never lived in other land !
Think ye the glory which through ages runs
In loud acclaim of that most glorious band,
Who scorn'd to yield, and died with glaive in hand,

Was but the work of chance?—No ; Spartan
laws,
Which they were taught full well to understand,
And Lacedemonian discipline—the cause !
Persuasion only from his cell Perfection draws.

XI.

'Tis not for all, with honied words, to lull
The storm-urged fury of the vulgar crew,—
Nor Nature's gems from their dark mines to
cull,—
Nor drink at Inspiration's fount, where few
Quaffed, and of old poetic phrensy drew !
'Tis not the child's from cradle forth to move,
Prankt in the array of grace and wisdom true,
Like Pallas springing from the head of Jove,
Clad in the dazzling panoply of Heaven above !

XII.

Yet on, o'er spring-flowered earth, o'er wintry
seas,
Reckless ye haste, with never-tarrying speed,
Clouded by Folly's thousand fantasies ;—
Shadows your aim,—and Death the well-earned
meed !
On—on ye pass,—and thousands quick succeed !

Such is the scope of human joys and fears !
Thrice blest in hope, and trebly cursed in deed !
Ye clutch the bow that high in Heaven appears,
As though some new delight,—ye clutch a bow of
tears !

RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

TO DEATH.

SONNET I.

LORD of the silent tomb ! relentless Death !
Fierce victor and destroyer of the world !
How stern thy power ! The shafts of fate are hurled
By thine unerring arm ;—and swift as breath
Fades from the burnished mirror,—as the wreath
Of flaky smoke, from cottage roofs upcurled,
Melts in cerulean air,—as sear leaves whirled
Along autumnal streams,—as o'er the heath
The forms of twilight vanish—so depart,
Nor leave a trace of their oblivious way,
The meteor-dreams of man ! Awhile the heart
Of eager Folly swells—his bubbles gay
Float on the passing breeze,—but ah ! thy dart
Soon breaks each glittering spell of Life's delusive
day!

D. L. R.

SONNET II.

INSATIATE fiend ! at thy blood-dropping shrine
In vain unnumbered victims wait thy will ;
The life-streams of the earth thy thirst of ill
Shall never quench, till that bright morning shine
That bursts the sleep of ages. All repine
At thy severe decrees ;—and thy terrors thrill
The hero and the sage, though pride may still
The voice that would reveal them. Hopes divine,
Of Faith and Virtue born, alone may cheer
Mortality's inevitable hour.
Nor phrensied prayer, nor agonizing tear,
May check thine arm, or mitigate thy power.
Ruin's resistless sceptre is thy dower,
Thy throne, a world—thy couch, Creation's bier !

D. L. R.

THE SAGE AND THE FOOL.

“ The air hath bubbles as the water hath,
 * * * * and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.” *Shakspeare.*

“ How he marks his way
 With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine !
 Art, genius, fortune, elevated power,—
 With various lustres these light up the world,
 Which Death puts out, and darkens human race.”—*Young.*

WHEN this globe of the earth
 First sprang into birth,
 And man on its surface 'gan crawl,
 'Twas knowledge he sought,—
 But a bubble he caught,
 And gave for an apple his all.

And we hear, too, beside,
 That the bubble of pride
 Drove a host of the angels from Heaven ;
 Is it, then, such a wonder
 That mortals should blunder,
 And break the command that was given ?

So, ever since then,
'Tis the practice of men
To shape all their courses in trouble ;
Yet in colours so bright,
That they dazzle the sight,
But end, like their hopes, in a bubble.

Thus, ambition and fame,
While they glitter in name,
And show in the prospect so fair ;
Yet, ere hold you can take,
The gay phantoms break,
Or vanish, like bubbles, in air.

Even friendship and love,
Like stars from above,
That brighten our paths as we go,
Too often we find
Of the same brittle kind,—
As bubbles in colour and show.

Then the fool and the sage,
In every age,
Lift their schemes into life with a breath ;
Or of science or wealth,
They escape as by stealth,
Or are presently put out by Death.

D.

THE
FOOL AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A VISION.

It was a delightful evening in the middle of August: the sun, shorn of his beams and like a vast globe of fire, majestically descending, spread a warm and mellow lustre over the western sky; and, fringing with gold the edges of the wavy lines of purple clouds, which stretched athwart the azure concave, produced one of those rich effects, which defies the pencil of the artist, and captivates the mind with pleasing wonderment. All was calmness around; even the pendent birches on the craggy face of Ben Ain were moveless; not a breath of air stirred; and but for the gurgle of the mountain streams, and the rush of a large cascade, close to the little inn of the Trosacks, at the window of which I was seated, the stillness would have been profound and most impressive. I had been perusing a few pages of *Pierce Plowman*; and had just rested the book on my knee, to admire the magnificent scene which lay

before me : every swelling knoll and abrupt crag on the huge back of Ben Venue, and all the feathery crest of the leafy garniture of the Trosacks brightly illuminated by the declining beam, softened off and lost in the deep purple shadows of the glens and hollows. As I gazed, the last segment of the solar disk sunk behind the mountain, blending the distance of the landscape in one deep mass of shade, but marking more strongly the grand outline of Ben Venue and his stupendous congeners ; strikingly displaying the superior sublimity of scenery still bearing the impress of the finger of Nature over the proudest efforts of aspiring mortals. Full of the romantic ;—the place, the hour, the monotonous sound of the neighbouring waterfall, and the universal stillness which prevailed, threw me into a reverie which, gradually settling into sleep, produced the following dream.

The scene upon which I had been gazing, and which had laid such hold upon my imagination as to continue present to my mind for some time after I was asleep, suddenly disappeared, and changed to a valley of most singular aspect. Although of vast extent, yet it was enclosed, on every side, by stupendous mountains, the rugged and hoary summits

of which seemed to pierce the sky. Within these, rose inferior hills of the most diversified forms and character; some rocky and naked; others clothed with verdure to their summits, or bearing on their sides ample forests, through which projected rocks with the richest garniture of brown and purple heath cushioning every shelf and crevice, and mixed with the most luxuriant and varied foliage. Between these hills, lay gardens and orchards rich with every description of fruit; and watered by streams which the eye traced on the sides of the mountains, dashing from precipice to precipice and forming chains of cascades, till, brawling along their channels in the valley and meandering in a thousand directions, they peacefully mingled their waters in a lake, which spread its ample mirror at the base of the mountains. As I looked upon the scene, it seemed continually changing. At one time, the valley resounded with the notes of the feathered choristers; at another the growl of the storm redoubled its peals among the echoing rocks. Sometimes, embowered among the trees, appeared the village with its simple pointed spire;—whilst I gazed, it became a magnificent city with crowded streets, porticos, splendid palaces, and venerable fanes. Now a gaudy procession of princes and priests and knights and ladies would

seem to issue from its gates; and sports and tournaments were held. I looked again, and anon a real battle raged beneath its walls. The opposing armies, the charges of the chivalry, the smoke, the retreat, the pursuit were all visible. I could even fancy I heard the clamour of the fray, the shouts of the victorious and the groans of the vanquished; when, suddenly, not a trace remained of the city, the processions, the combatants; all had passed away, and given place to some other illusion. As I turned my eyes towards the lake, it would sometimes appear expanded to an ocean bearing on it navies. At one moment, the sun shining upon the white, swelling sail, the gallant ship danced gaily on the lightly rippled bosom of the deep; at another, the congregated clouds freighted with storm, seemed to mingle with the waves, and pouring their fury upon the flexile element, the vessel struck upon a rock and split into a thousand pieces. The shrieks of the drowning mariners reached my ears; I saw them struggling with the waves and dashed to death upon the rocks, over which the boiling breakers roared: the sight was too horrific: I hid my face in my hands; and, when I removed them, lo! again the placid lake, reflecting the downward mountains, the hills and all their leafy tracery spread before my eyes

Astonished and bewildered with what I had seen, I looked in vain for some one to solve the mystery; for although the valley seemed crowded with moving objects, apparently men and women occupied in every possible manner, yet, as I approached them, they instantly vanished; like a picture in a Camera Obscura, all seemed natural and animated, yet nothing was tangible. "This is surely the Valley of Deception," exclaimed I, thinking audibly: "nothing is what it appears to be." "It is then a true picture of the world," whispered a voice behind me, "turn and see." I turned and beheld, on a little elevation, at the distance of twenty or thirty feet from me, two individuals seated at the base of a small pyramid: but the voice did not proceed from them, for it again uttered behind me, "advance and satisfy your doubts;" whilst at the same moment I was involuntarily impelled towards the pyramid. The two persons seated at its base were of the most opposite characters. One of them, from his motley garb, cap, ears, and bells, appeared to be of that class of knaves, who were formerly the companions of kings and princes; and who enjoyed the sole privilege of speaking truth at court; the other seemed from his habit to be a disciple of Zeno, or to belong to that sect of philosophers, which the Greeks

termed Stoics: both, however, were engaged in the same occupation,—blowing soap-bubbles. At the foot of a pedestal, on which the Fool rested his arm, lay a bishop's mitre, an open music-book, the palette of an artist, and a spear; the Philosopher rested his elbow upon an open volume, the title of which I perceived was "*Summum bonum Virtus*;" a scroll covered with logical aphorisms lay at the base of the pedestal, and a celestial globe was behind it.

I stood for some minutes contemplating both of these characters, who were not, in any degree, disconcerted at my approach. "There goes an Emperor," said the Fool, as he threw off a bubble from the bulb of his pipe, and followed its course in the air with his large protruding eyes. "See how his splendid robe glitters in the sunbeam! Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, bright as the iridescent hues of the rainbow. Hah! the ambitious dog!—how he mounts above his fellows! Now he has topped the summit of his flight—there! there! his golden dream is over—his budding hopes are blasted—his pride for ever humbled—the bubble is burst; and not a trace remains. Hah, ha, ha!"—and he shook his head, jingling the sonorous ornaments of his cap; and, opening his capacious mouth, laughed long and

loud. Another bubble less buoyant was thrown off as a Philosopher. "There he goes," said the fool, "with a drop at his tail to demonstrate the effect of gravity:—see, he turns like a whirling dervise!—he has, certainly, discovered the perpetual motion: happy soul! the world will now be blessed, and he will be immortal.—Alas! is it come to this? To fall in the moment of victory—to sink when the hand already grasps the prize—but so it is—gone like his precursor, and none knows whither." Again he shouted with joy; and held his sides with laughter: and in this manner the knave apostrophized each bubble which he blew, well maintaining the credit of the ancient craft of which he seemed the worthy representative.

It was in vain to address such a being, and therefore I turned to the Philosopher, who at that instant had thrown off a bubble from the point of a quill, and was following its course, with a look of intense interest, as it floated upon the breeze, until it was lost to the sight. "Mortal!" said he as he turned towards me his complacent countenance, "Mortal! I already read your thoughts. Your laudable curiosity shall be satisfied:—sit down in peace, and listen to the voice of truth." I sat down, and he

thus continued—"Mortal! the valley which lies before you is a typification of the world. Its mountains and rugged rocks represent the difficulties and obstacles which beset man in his journey; whilst they are also the true causes of the transitory felicity that he attains on earth; for what enjoyment does he possess when not acquired by fatigue and industry, which does not become insipid and distasteful? Ease and indolence and certain security soon pall upon the mind, which, restless, and never satiated with toil, rather than it will endure the torment of apathy, courts dangers and even finds a charm in Death. Say—without this allurements, would the patriot sacrifice himself for the interests of his country, for the phantom Fame? Would the hero seek the bubble Reputation in the cannon's mouth? Or the philosopher, spurning from him the enticements of Pleasure and heedless of the vicissitudes of life, waste the midnight oil and immure himself in the solitary cell, merely to be assured of an immortal fame among all the sons of men? On the other hand, mortal! the hills, the vales, the forests, gardens, lakes, and streams which have charmed your sight, demonstrate the benevolence of Nature, and show that amidst difficulties, horrors, changes, deceit, and wickedness, the world supplies the

principles of harmony and proportion, and produces true felicity as the result of their conspiring order. Man alone is a paradox, and yet the whole race can be arranged under two classes, of which you behold us the representatives, the wise and the foolish; *this* prolific and teeming with myriads of every country and kindred; *that* inrolling a very scanty proportion only upon its list, but these the true intellectual nobility of the earth. Like this fool, so is the mass of mankind occupied with the veriest trifles; their projects as empty and as fragile as the bubbles which he commits to the air, blown only to be broken. They laugh at the idea of making man happy by reason; contented to believe that their senses and passions were bestowed only to be gratified, they are impatient of restraint and are convinced that the only road to happiness is to be found in following the dictates of Nature. Hapless, infatuated beings! who have brought disease into the world, and have yielded to Death the empire of mortality: and who too late discover that it is difficult long to support pleasure, and that its invariable termination is satiety and disgust.

“ It is the object of the wise, on the contrary, to employ the senses only as the inlets of knowledge, to

cultivate the soil which Nature has planted with every material for the exercise of industry, and to rein the passions under the control of reason. On these grounds I have founded a system which I am about to propound to you ; which will banish physical evils from the earth and confer immortality upon the human race. This pyramid is the emblem of my theory ; its broad base founded upon a rock and its apex pointing to the heavens, it scorns the rage of the conflicting elements, and even defies the overwhelming power of Time."

He paused : I raised my eyes to inquire the cause of the interruption, when to my astonishment I perceived a shadowy figure which I had not before observed, seated between my companions ; grinning a ghastly look of contempt upon the speaker, and in the act of touching both the sage and the fool with a dart tipped with fire, which he grasped in his fleshless hand. The eyeballs of the Fool seemed starting from their sockets—his face was turgid and purple, his breath gurgled for a second in his throat, and after a convulsive gasp, he fell a lifeless mass at the foot of the Destroyer. The Philosopher lay for a few minutes as in a faint, his jaw fallen, his features pale and shrunk, and his eye filmed ; he

etched a deep sigh, and seemed to revive; then turning his languid eye upon me, the placidity of his countenance unaltered, in scarcely audible accents uttered these words—"Alas! fellow mortal, experience only can teach wisdom: it has convinced me that my system is a vain hypothesis: man is still under the dominion of Death: but, in yielding to the tyrant, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the change will enable me to solve the greatest of all secrets." As he calmly yielded up his breath, the ground seemed shaken as if by an earthquake, and the pyramid crumbled into dust. Awe-struck and trembling, I expected to be involved in the general ruin, when the voice which I had before heard again addressed me: "Mortal! such is the frailty of humanity—virtue alone can render life happy: but austerity is not virtue; to trifle time away is to waste life—to endeavour to reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful task—oft, also, a fruitless occupation. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and Death, though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the Fool and the Philosopher."*

A. T. T.

* Hume's Essays—The Stoic.





EPILOGUE.

THE EPILOGUE,
AND
ADDRESS RECAPITULATORY.

Spoken by Death, in Character.

PRAY don't alarm yourselves!—*'tis only I!*
 Just come to speak the EPILOGUE,—and try
 To make my bow, for once, *before* the curtain—
Behind I've play'd an active part, that's certain:
 Aye, aye—sharp work I've had of late, I trow—
 Important “DOINGS,” both with high and low;
 The rich, the proud, the humble, and the poor,
 The learned sage, and the unletter'd boor,
 Have all succumb'd—and so must thousands more.
 Why, bless me, how you start! how pale you look!
 You tremble, eh, lest *you* be “brought to book?”
 Nay, do not fear! I now come but to *speak*,—
 Perhaps *on business* I may call next week:—
 Next week's too soon, you say?—well, then, I'll give
 A further respite, if you needs must live

A little longer in this world of sorrow—
But, stay—I'll think again of this to-morrow;
For strange, aye, “passing strange,” it doth appear,
That you, so often as you've call'd me here,
Should, now I'm *really* come, shrink back thro' fear.
What if the tragi-comedy of LIFE
Be ended, with its ever-shifting strife
Of pain and want, of trouble and alarm,
Of passion's tumult—pleasure's fitful harm—
Can *that* be cause for grief—*that* make you moan?
Short-sighted mortals! you should *clap*—not *groan*;
Yes—were you wise, my presence you would hail;
And not, like dolts, your hapless fate bewail:
Instead of sitting there, to sob and sigh,
Your plaudits, long and loud, would rend the sky,
And “*Bravo, Death! bravissimo!*” you'd cry.

I know that ALL some “grand excuse” may plead,
Some worldly reason, or some urgent need,
For tarrying longer on this earthly ball:—
Indeed, there's nothing new in *that*, at all.
One has not yet an ample fortune made;
Another wishes just to change his trade;
A third protests *his* death is not expedient;
A fourth declares the *time* is inconvenient.—

O what a scene of shuffling, shifting, shirking !
What paltry lies—what quibbling, and what quirking !

The SOLDIER hopes, when fools and tyrants quarrel,
To grace his brows with never-fading laurel ;
And begs I'll let him win some noble prize,
Before he sheathes his sword, and prostrate lies.
No, madman ! thy career of blood is o'er ;
No longer shalt thou dip thy hands in gore,
No longer fulminate the martial thunder,
Nor glut thyself with rapine, blood, and plunder :
List to the Widow's and the Orphan's cry !
Thyself prepare ! *for Retribution's nigh !*

With many an artful touch of special pleading,
The LAWYER comes ;—but hopes that, through good-
breeding,
I'll “ do the civil thing” by the Profession,
And not arrest him till a future session.
Bold as he is before a half-starv'd client,
To me he's wondrous mealy-mouth'd and pliant ;
And, oh ! what lame and impotent excuses,
The rogue invents, to hide his vile abuses!—
All, all alike are—full of contradictions,
Pleas, errors, counterpleas, demurrers, fictions !
Ready, most ready all, to “ make averment,”
That services like theirs, should meet preferment ;

And 'twould be hard, they say,—oh, *very* hard,
If from “preferment” *they* should be debarr’d:—
Such meek and gentle lambs! so wondrous civil!
To hurry them so quickly to the Devil!—
Sweet babes of grace! it matters not a straw
How soon the Devil on you claps his paw;
Have you he will—he’s issued your subpoena—
I must obey—and will not, dare not, screen ye;
This world has seen too much of you—so go
To kindred Demons in the *Courts below!*

The portly PRIEST, with expectation high,
Entreats, for Virtue’s sake, I’ll pass *him* by.
Virtue means purity, and good intention;
Now, what his virtues are, perhaps he’ll mention;
For though, on *duty* bent, one day in seven,
He proves *his own’s the only way to Heaven;*
Yet such the force of carnal appetite,
That “loaves and fishes” form his chief delight,
His constant thoughts by day, his dreams by night.
But hold—’twere well, ere we proceed, to see
What arguments support “The Pastor’s Plea”:—
“To mortals, bending ’neath the cumbrous load
That weighs them down, he shows the heavenly road;
Without *his* aid, their feet would devious stray,
And half his flock would go—*the other way!*”—

And dost thou really think, my reverend wight,
 That what thou say'st is rational and right?
 Dost thou the will of God presume to scan,
 And dare usurp his judgment-seat? vain man!
 Remember what thou art—and what thou know'st—
 And thou wilt find thy knowledge is, at most,
 A cloud of error and an empty boast!
 When modes of faith are variously profess'd,
 And different sects are found,—north, east, south,
 west—

Who shall decide which wisest is, or best?—
 Although he call himself a true believer,
 A BIGOT is, at best, a self-deceiver;*
 And he who hopes by faith alone to stand,
 Erects a tottering column on the sand.
 Be just and liberal—to your country true—
 High Heav'n revere—your neighbour's good pursue;
 Let virtue, honour, meekness, fill your breast,
 And to Almighty Goodness leave the rest:—
 Do this—and, trust me, you shall find the way
 To the bright regions of eternal day!—
 Oh! if the path that leads to Heaven's gate,
 Were like a labyrinth, dark and intricate,

* These observations have reference to the spiritual teachers of no one sect in particular, but are intended to apply to all who are so blind, and so bigoted to their own tenets, as to preach up the absurd and uncharitable doctrine of *exclusive salvation*.

How few, how very few would enter there !
How few to tread the mystic path would dare !

Yon MAIDEN, peeping through her ivory fan,
Would fain improve her mind, by studying MAN !
While that spruce BEAU, who ogles her, declares,
For youth and beauty I should not lay snares,
Nor interrupt their tender sighs and kisses,
But give them time t' enjoy connubial blisses !—
Now, should I grant these turtles their request,
Although you'd think they were supremely blest,
Yet such would be the bickerings and strife
To interrupt that *blessed* state of life,
'That 'ere twelve months had o'er the couple roll'd,
He would a tyrant prove, and she a scold ;
And each would call on me, by day and night,
To come and take the *other* one away !

Don't chuckle, Sir ! the time is well nigh come
When *you'll* be summon'd, without beat of drum.
You wish to live, it seems, to play the RAKE,
And every dastardly advantage take
Of unsuspecting innocence and youth,
In spite of honour, manliness, and truth.
I saw you throw your lure for yonder beauty,
And try to wean her from the path of duty ;

And yet, a wife more spotless none can claim,
Nor one more kind, than she who bears thy name.
Wretch that thou art! in crime and folly grey!
What! wouldst thou, reckless, rush upon thy prey,
And from an aged mother take her stay?
Rob her of all on earth that's worth possessing,
And make a *curse* where Nature meant a *blessing*?
Will no compunction check thy fierce desire?—
None, monster! none?—then I must quench thy fire.
Know then, that while each sense is wrapt in gloom,
Disease shall bring thee to a cheerless tomb;
For thee to Heaven no prayers shall ascend,
And thou, despis'd, shalt die—without a friend!

In yonder row a WIDOW meets my view,—
My buxom dame, 'tis you I mean—yes, *you*!
I saw how tremblingly alive you were,
When I alluded to the amorous pair;
Your marriage was a *happy* illustration
Of my remarks—'twas just your situation,
Indeed it was—deny it if you can—
How oft you call'd on me to take *the man*!
And oh! how oft you vow'd, that ne'er again
Would you be bound by Hymen's galling chain.
I took him!—and the well-dissembled tear
Of "*decent sorrow*" fell upon his bier;
Yet now, when fairly rid of him, you bait

Your hook—and I (good-natur'd sprite!) may wait
Whilst you go fishing for another mate!
Believe me, Widow, I must have my due;
You shall your *promise* keep, or I'll keep *you*.

But, come—a truce to truths which seem unpleasant,
And of my “DOINGS” *past* let's speak at present;
I'll not disturb the ashes of the dead,
Though some brief sentences must needs be said,
By which I trust to prove to demonstration,
That none with greater zeal e'er fill'd his station;
Meanwhile—although, perhaps, 'twill tire your patience
To wait while I recount my operations—
I hope to give you ample satisfaction,
That from the purest source sprang every action;
And that (to none allied of flesh and blood)
No motive sway'd me but the common good:—
This is a merit I can fairly claim—
“*Pro bono publico*” was e'er my aim,
The basis upon which I rest my fame!

The Recapitulation.

I began—let me see—oh, my “Doings” began
With a SERMON. “A sermon?—a sermon?” say you,
“Why, surely, to PREACH is to *say*, not to *do* ;”—

Egad ! so it is ;—well, I'll alter my plan,
 And hereafter keep but my *Doings* in view ;
 But should you require more scriptural knowledge
 Than gownsmen in general pick up at college,
 (Alma Mater ! pray pardon the libel ;)
 Leave logical lumber to heads metaphysical,
 Leave “Valentine Verses,” to ladies who're phthisical,
 Leave “Mayoralty Visits”—by all that is quizzical—
 O leave them,—and study your Bible !

THE POET.

Although I quench'd the sacred flame
 That glow'd within his breast,
 The BARD obtain'd a deathless fame—
 A haven, too, of rest :
 The laurels of poetic praise
 Which now adorn his tomb,
 Had, but for ME, been blighted bays,
 To wither—not to bloom.

THE PILGRIM.

In PILGRIM's guise I brought the fatal scroll,
 Which told a Maiden of her Lover's death ;
 Grief took possession of her ardent soul,—
 She bless'd his memory, and resign'd her breath :
 Oft had she vow'd to love no other youth ;
 That vow she kept !—an instance rare of truth !

THE ARTIST.

Mine was the task to stop the ARTIST'S hand,
 Ere age had brought his genius to a stand ;
He'd finish'd TIME—and therefore 'twas my whim,
 Just at that nick of time, to finish *him* :
 And as I knew he meant a *Dance* to lead me,
 To show his skill in graphic witticisms,
 I took his brush away !—and made him heed me,—
 And saved him thus from *friendly* criticisms !

THE CRICKETER.

In the CRICKETER'S care-killing game
 There was something so manly and gay,
 That his pastime I never could blame,
 But cheerfully join'd in the play :
 And if TIME had not thought it a sin,
 For *ever* to stand behind wicket ;
 The Batsman might still have been *in*,
 And DEATH might have still play'd at cricket !

THE CAPTIVE.

'Twas I who set the wretched CAPTIVE free,
 And eas'd him of his load of misery—
 In mercy bore him from a dungeon's gloom,
 And laid his body in the silent tomb :
 His mortal part commingled with its kindred dust—
 His spirit took its flight, to join “the good and just.”

THE GAMESTER.

Mark'd ye that 'convulsive start ?
Saw ye how his eyeballs roll'd ?
Vultures gnaw the GAMESTER'S heart !—
Fearful truths that sigh has told !

Now the fatal die he throws ;—
Heard ye that hysteric laugh ?
'Twas to hide his deep-felt woes :—
See him now the poison quaff !

See his frame with anguish shake !
See his wildly-starting eyes !
The PLAY was *deep*—'twas LIFE at stake—
And the victor claims his prize.

Transient pleasure !—endless pain !
Gamester ! the enchantment's o'er ;
Passion and the lust of gain
Give to Death one victim more !

THE SERENADER.

Would you know why so slily I grasp'd the stiletto,
And slew young Adonis, the gay SERENADER ?
I had just before seen, in a foul lazaretto,
A fair one expire :—it was *he* first betray'd her !

No longer, said I, shall thy strains, tho' melodious,
Their aid lend to lead lovely woman astray ;
Not a chord shalt thou strike for a purpose so
odious—
So haste, Serenader ! Death calls thee away !

THE TOILET.

A lady so fair, or a maid half so sly,
At a TOILET were never yet seen,
As on that fatal night—when, in masquerade, I
Attended on Laura (none other was nigh)
And clad her in raiment so sheen.

But Laura coquetted—for Laura was vain—
And though she professed to return
Young Edward's true passion—(*I speak it with pain*)
He perish'd, the victim of cruel disdain,—
And his ashes now rest in yon urn !

So the false one I took ! though I deck'd her so gay
With trinkets, and jewels, and gold ;—
And the gossips still talk of that terrible day,
When DEATH, as a *Waiting-maid*, bore her away
To the charnel-house, darksome and cold !

THE MOTHER..

Methinks I hear some pitying MOTHER say,
Why snatch a helpless INFANT thus away ?
Why turn to clay that cheek on which was spread
The lily's whiteness with the rose's red ?
Why close those ruby lips—those deep-fring'd eyes ?
Why seize so young, so innocent a prize !—
Hold ! hold ! nor murmur at the wise decree
That set a lovely earth-born seraph free,
And gave it bliss and immortality !

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Immers'd in apathy and mental gloom,
The wasted form of HYPOCHONDRIA sits ;
And as the phantoms flit around his room,
With fear he shakes—or, falls, convuls'd, in fits !

The workings of his melancholy mind
Present horrific spectres to his sight ;
He sees no friend, beneficent and kind—
But life, to *him*, is one dark cheerless night.

O Melancholy ! bane of peace and health !
When thy sad reign contaminates the breast,
Nor pleasure's glittering charms, nor love, nor wealth
Can give repose :—in DEATH alone there's rest !

LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

Saw you that aged man, whose tottering feet
Could scarce support him to the office door?
He was a LIFE ASSURER;—and, though poor,
Deposits from his pittance made, to meet
His offspring's need. O happiness complete,
When man so dies! The miser's store
May serve some idle spendthrift!—seldom more;
But competency thus acquir'd is sweet!
Sweet 'tis to *him* who, providently kind,
Protects his wife and children from the blast
Of Poverty;—and oh, how sweet *they* find
The succour it affords!—such joys will last!—
Who blames me, then, for keeping Life's Assurance?
Thro' DEATH, you see, Life may be worth endurance.

THE ANTIQUARY.

What wild illusions mock their sight,
When ANTIQUARIES pore
O'er mouldering relics, day and night,
With patient, plodding lore!—
Life's meant for *rational* enjoyment;
And if, while here below,
Man seeks not—finds not—wise employment,
To *Davy* let him go!

THE CHAMPION.

O mourn not for prize-fighting kiddies inglorious ;
Lament not the fate of those swells of "the Ring :"
The Championship's mine ! for I'm ever victorious,
And fam'd *Boxiana* my prowess shall sing !
Then hoist the black fogle—let marrow-bones rattle—
And push round the skulls which with claret o'er-
flow ;
Drink, drink to the CHAMPION, who, fairly in battle,
The famed men of muscle for ever laid low !

THE BACCHANALIANS.

Tho' BACCHANALS boast of their ivy-crown'd god,
And sing of the bright sparkling glass,
With the juice of the grape, how they hiccup and
nod,—
How it likens a man to an ass !

The balm of the bottle, they say, lightens care,—
But far more it lightens the purse ;
While it brings to its vot'ry a load of despair,
It brings, too, his heaviest curse—

The groans of the parent, the child, or the wife,
Who famish while Bacchanals swill !
Then say, can you blame me for taking the life
Of such as so recklessly kill ?

THE WARRIOR.

With martial port the WARRIOR seeks the field,
Where waves Destruction's banner in the wind,
And, though in combat wounded, scorns to yield,
For "love and glory" fire his ardent mind :
Now, see, he proudly mounts the blood-stain'd car,
And leads his squadrons to the fierce affray ;
His gallant bearing turns the tide of war—
The adverse army recreant flee away ;
But, oh ! when just within his grasp the prize,
His life-blood flows—a film o'erspreads his eyes—
He faints—and in the hour of vict'ry dies !

THE GLUTTON.

No matter what—flesh, fowl, or fish—
If man become a GLUTTON ;
With *gôût* he feeds from ev'ry dish—
Veal, ven'son, beef, or mutton.
Eating—drinking—panting—puffing !
O the dear delights of stuffing !

But when the greedy Epicure
A god thus makes his belly,
I mix some poison—slow, but sure—
In gravy, soup, or jelly.
On the couch, then, see him lying !—
Writhing—groaning—gasping—dying !

THE HUNTER.

The fearless HUNTER took his dangerous leap ;
For though I warn'd, he held my warning cheap.
At length he fell—another fill'd his place,
And, like him, heedless, follows in the chase.

THE ALCHEMIST.

His time and health the ALCHEMIST destroys,
In vain pursuit of visionary joys !
What if he find the rare and hidden treasure,
More pain his golden prize would bring than pleasure.
Gold ! Gold ! thou bane of life ! thou fancied good !
Thy *use* to Man, how little understood !

ACADEMIC HONOURS.

Should I the MARTYR STUDENT'S portrait draw,
And show that genius, with each good combin'd,—
That virtue, and that nobleness of mind,
Were his—without a blemish or a flaw—
You'd blame me for my act;—and yet 'twas kind :
For well I knew that, maugre worth and merit,
Posthumous fame was all that he'd inherit ;
And those, indeed, who court fame ought to know,
That DEATH alone can lasting fame bestow.

THE EMPIRIC.

The QUACK kill'd his patient, and I kill'd the Quack ;
Thus a fool and a knave were got rid of at once ;

But tho' I contriv'd to lay *him* on his back,
Behind he's left many a death-dealing dunce !

THE MISER.

The wretch who hoards, while others pine
In want, and pain, and woe,
Content must be at Pluto's shrine
Penance to undergo ;
For though he hold the lucre fast,
And hoard up every shilling,
To Pluto he must go at last,
And there expect a *grilling*.

THE PHAETON.

Behold, my love, how fine the day !
Cried Charles, as he the PHAETON mounted ;
His heart was light, his spirits gay,
And tales of love the youth recounted.

But false as fair the syren he
That day had honour'd with his name ;
And I resolv'd to set him free
From private grief and public shame.

DEATH'S REGISTER.

An ancient worthy, when of MAN he wrote,
Permitted me his REGISTER to quote ;

And as I know I cannot make a better,
I'll quote it fairly, to the very letter :—
“ Man's bodie's like a house : his greater *bones*
Are the main timber ; and the lesser ones
Are smaller *splints* ; his *ribs* are *laths*, daub'd o'er,
Plaister'd with *flesh* and *bloud* : his *mouth's* the *doore* :
His *throat's* the narrow *entrie*, and his *heart*
Is the *great chamber*, full of curious art :
His *midriffe* is a large *partition-wall*
'Twixt the *great chamber* and the spacious *hall* :
His *stomack* is the *kitchen*, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat :
His *splene's* a *vessell*, nature does allot
To take the *skumme* that rises from the pot :
His *lungs* are like the *bellows*, that respire
In every office, quick'ning every fire :
His *nose* the *chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such *fumes* as with the *bellows* are augmented :
His *bowels* are the sink, whose part's to drein
All noisome filth, and keep the *kitchen* clean :
His *eyes* are chrystall *windows*, clear and bright ;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the *timber* is or great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall :
Yet is the likeliest *building*, sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances ; overthrown

Oft-times by *tempests*, by the full-mouth'd *blasts*
 Of heaven ; sometimes by *fire* ; sometimes it wastes
 Through unadvis'd neglect ; put case the stuffe
 Were ruin-prooffe, by nature strong enough
 To conquer time and age ; put case it should
 Ne'er know an end, alas our *leases* would.
 What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to boast ?
 Thy dayes are bad, at best ; but few, at most ;
 But sad, at merriest ; and but weak, at strongest ;
 Unsure, at surest ; and but short, at longest."

THE LAWYER.

I told you naught but truth before, concerning this
 fraternity,
 Nor should I aught do less or more, tho' I talk'd to
 all eternity !
 If any mortal doubt my word—to LAW, then, let
 him go,
 A *greater curse* 'twere quite absurd to wish one's
 bitterest foe.

THE ANGLER.

Though a jest-loving wight* has thought fit to define,
 In sportive derision, each ANGLING brother,
 As "a *stick* and a *string* (*id est*, rod and line)
 With a *worm* at one end and a *fool* at the other ;"

* Dean Swift.

Yet, believe me, no fool is the man who in quiet
Can sit down contented amid the world's din ;
'Tis Fashion's blind vot'ry, who, dwelling in riot,
The slave is of Folly, of Care, and of Sin.

THE BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

There are BUBBLES above and below,—
On land, and at sea, and in air ;
But none of the bubbles I know,
With the bubbles of Britain compare :—
Such wonderful bubbles are they !

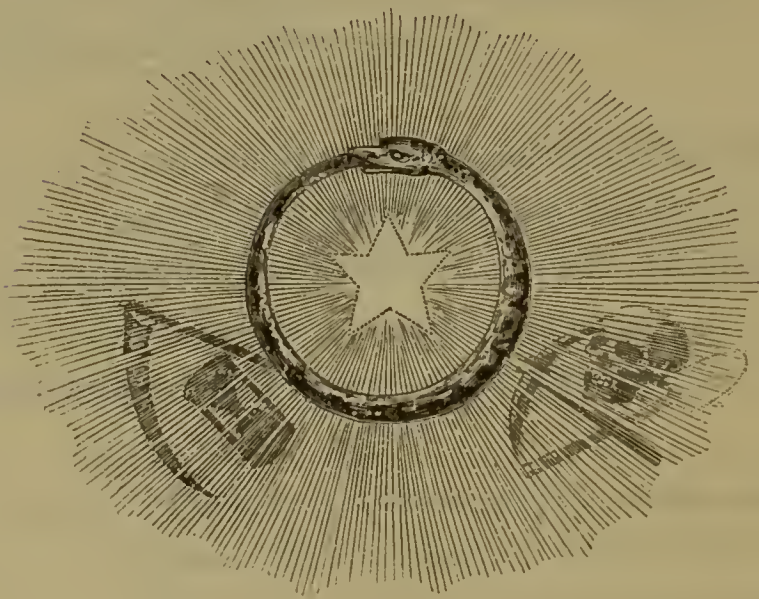
What *puffing* it took, and what trouble,
To blow all these bubbles at first !
And the trouble was more than made double,
When the bubbles of Britain all burst !—
What troublesome bubbles were they !

But why should you mourn over bubbles,
That are puff'd in and out with a breath,
When the greatest of bubbles and troubles
Are, one and all, puff'd out by DEATH !—
The bubbles and troubles of LIFE !

Vain, inconsistent, self-deluded race,
Whose vision's limited to finite space,

You grasp some idle phantom of the brain,
And, maniac-like, would clank and hug your chain.
All—all is vanity beneath the sun !
Whenc'er the sand of Life its course hath run—
Or soon, or late—'tis then the *proper* time
This grovelling world to quit, and seek the clime
Where Life's eternal, glorious, and sublime !

S. M.



THE END.

March 30, 1827.

Death's Doings.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

The following commendatory observations on DEATH'S DOINGS are extracted from the various periodical Works and London Papers which contained Notices of the FIRST Edition; to which might have been added numerous others, equally favourable, from the most respectable Provincial Publications. Stimulated by such flattering encouragement, no pains have been spared so to improve this second Edition, as to render it (it is hoped) worthy of the approbation that has been so liberally bestowed upon its precursor.

“IN the artist we find much of fancy and originality; and in the literary portion of his work, a great deal of pleasantry and talent. The book altogether reminds us of the golden olden unions of the fine arts and literature; of wit of design and humorous illustration. It brings us back to the ancient racy school, when, like ‘the Last of the Graces’ (three skeletons in the attitude of Canova’s celebrated figures), in its frontispiece, clever men, of various habits and pursuits, linked together in the production of publications which dispelled the ennui of the passing time, and some of which have descended with credit to posterity.” * * * *

“We only ask our readers to dwell upon these prints—they will furnish new ideas every time they are contemplated, and do honour to the cheerful genius of a contemporary of a generation of sculptors, painters, and engravers, whose works are now more valued than they were when their value was of *more* consequence to those who produced them.”

LITERARY GAZETTE.

“Death’s Doings are likely to live for ever!” *IBID. Second Notice.*

“For varied knowledge, pleasing thought, apt illustration, and poetic excellence, this melange is without a rival.” * * *

“Each plate has two or more articles attached, either in prose or

verse, to illustrate its subject ; and we candidly affirm, that, taken as a whole, they not only do great honour to the designs of the artist, but confer an additional glory on the present state of imaginative literature." * * *

"To turn from the high emanations of genius to the playful brilliancy of wit, is ever a pleasing transition, and the more so in the present instance, where comicality is tempered by legitimate satire, and expressed with appropriate freedom." LITERARY CHRONICLE.

"Our temptations to rifle still further this exquisite work of its sweets are very great. * * * In a word, the designs of the artist are worthy of forming themes, and the execution of those themes is admirably appropriate." IBID. *Second Notice.*

"This very singular production has been so abundantly noticed by every journal of the daily and weekly press, that there is little left for us to say on the subject, except to agree in the universal opinion as to its merits, which are of a very distinguished kind. To give any analysis of a book which is now in the hands of readers of all classes, would be clearly a work of supererogation." NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"*Tickler.* Are 'Death's Doings' worthy the old Anatomy ?

"*North.* Yes. Mors sets his best foot foremost—and, like Yates, plays many parts, shifting his dress with miraculous alacrity, and popping in upon you unexpectedly, an old friend with a new face, till you almost wish him at the devil.

"*Tickler.* We can't get up these things in Scotland.

"*North.* No—no—we can't indeed, *Tickler.* 'Death's Doings' will have a run.

"*Shepherd.* That they wull, I'se warrant them,—a rin through hut and ha', or the Auld Ane's haun' maun hae forgot its cunnin', and he maun hac gien ower writin' wi' the pint o' his dart."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"Our limits prevent a further notice of this clever volume. That it *may* be made the useful instrument of reflection is a more probable conjecture than that it *will*. Certainly it deserves a better fate than to lie on the tables of our drawing-room for the amusement of the idle, who perceive not the moral that lies 'under the ribs of Death,' and whose ears are deaf to the admonitions which even in his most grotesque forms he delivers from his tongueless mouth.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"The idea of this volume is excellent" * * * "and it appears, in the detail of the subject, to be exceedingly original and ingenious." * * * "Independently of its graphic embellishments, it contains a great variety of very agreeable reading."

LITERARY MAGNET.

"This is altogether an extraordinary volume. The designs, executed in a slight yet graceful style—if aught connected with death can be termed graceful—display much point, ingenuity, and moral. The idea was doubtlessly suggested by Holbein's Dance of Death, and other works of a similar character. To us, however, the chief curiosity in the volume presents itself in the literary illustrations. Each of the plates has two, and occasionally three illustrations, some in verse, some in prose, by different writers; and, as the designs are illustrated by the writing, not the writing by the designs, it is exceedingly amusing—interesting even—to observe the various points of view in which the same pictorial subject may be understood, imagined, or wrought into description and narrative, by persons of different genius and powers.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

"Although a vein of pleasantry and humour pervades the volume, there is nothing of levity or trifling in it. Its moral lessons are unexceptionable, and the talent it displays highly respectable. With these recommendations we can have no doubt of its being well received by those readers who seek to mingle the '*utile et dulce*' in their literary recreations."

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

After describing, and in many instances warmly commending, the different subjects, "THE TIMES," concludes a long and interesting article on "Death's Doings" in the following words:—"Mr. Dagley's book is amusing. He should send a copy to the *Living Skeleton*."

"The usual dulness of the literary world, at this season of the year, has just been agreeably relieved by the appearance of a very clever work, under the above rather alarming title. It consists of twenty-four plates, etched by Mr. R. Dagley, from designs by himself; and illustrated by nearly sixty compositions in prose and verse, the friendly contributions of various individuals, among whom are some of the ablest and most popular writers of the day. The plates are executed with singular freedom and taste. Some of them are of a gay, and some of a melancholy character; but, in general, they belong to what may be termed the humorous-pathetic, and exhibit a powerful imagination, and numerous incidents and touches which are truly Hogarthian."

MORNING CHRONICLE.

"An ingenious work has just issued from the press under the above title. Twenty-four fanciful etchings, by Mr. Dagley, the author of 'Select Gems from the Antique,' &c., exhibit the various means by which the 'universal conqueror' carries on his interminable warfare. Some of these are very ludicrous, and furnish touches of strong humour, while others excite a graver interest; but all evincing, in connexion with Death, no inconsiderable knowledge of life. These efforts of the pencil and the graver are illustrated by the contributions of literary friends, including, under various signatures and initials, many popular writers. The union of such varieties of talent gives this work a character peculiarly its own."

NEW TIMES.

"Previously to explaining the plan of the work which bears this ominous title, we must remember that Death, from the frequency of his appearance, and the variety of forms he assumes, has rendered himself a familiar subject on which for talent to exercise its powers, whether in a humorous or serious style. From the first opening of the scene on the great stage of the world, Death has taken upon himself to perform the most prominent part; he has forced himself upon general notice, and we find, consequently, that the writers of every age have dwelt more or less upon the same theme, either to celebrate his victories, to deprecate his approach, to lament his power, or to laugh at him outright: and why not? The frail tenure upon which life is held, is sufficiently known and acknowledged by all; the virtuous are not unprepared for him—and whether we treat him seriously or jocosely, he is equally at hand and equally impartial.—The volume before us is so arranged as to suit any taste; and, we think, does not contain a sentence to displease the most delicate reader."

MORNING POST.

"Mr. Dagley's designs, in many instances, display a good deal of instructive observation on the importance of time, and on the manner in which life is often past; but neither the plates, nor the prose and verse, assume a rigid and forbidding aspect. A humorous vein pervades the whole."

MORNING ADVERTISER.

"Death's Doings has a very considerable claim to public notice, both as a work of art and literature."

COURIER.

"We have no doubt that this volume will be successful. The present age is an age of stimulus, and requires to be shocked by forcible epigrammatic contrasts into attention. Mr. Dagley has judiciously supplied these contrasts: he has brought impressively before us the only two considerations, which, as long as the world lasts, will be universally intelligible, life and death; and thus afforded an homily, that, more or less, must come home to the hearts of all. The moral, however, to be drawn from the book is melancholy: it is like a jest spoken with a moist eye; a witticism uttered beside the tomb of a friend. Every page puts forth some fresh memento of mortality: in one place we are required to smile at the death of the young and beautiful; in another, to sneer at distress; and in all to remember that the world, taken even in its best sense, is nothing but a boundless sepulchre, wherein are inscribed the names alike of the mean and mighty, the enlightened and the ignorant of the earth."

THE SUN.

"Occasionally in tragic and serious, but more frequently in the way of satire and burlesque, the various Doings of Death are illustrated by the hand of Mr. Dagley in the pictorial, and by the pens of all his friends, including a few of established character in the literary way. * * * Grotesque as is the modern graphic personification of Death, it has the advantage over the more classical one, in being active instead of passive. The ancients, as in the Portland Vase, generally personify

Death privatively, as an expiring female, the bearer of a dying torch, &c.; in short, a something passive or enduring. The less refined and less pensive modern, while he makes him a skeleton, constitutes him a performer. He is at once the most bold, wily, stern, and frolicsome of agents; in all which humours—such is the magic result of a learned distribution of right and curve lines (and of the latter as few as possible), he may be spiritedly represented. We forgive the raw-head and bloody-bones, not only as remembrancers, but as capable of much that is pungent, satiric, and picturesque. To conclude, Mr. Dagley's book is not the most unpleasant *memento mori* in the world."

EXAMINER.

"Agreeable and clever compositions, over which a quiet evening may be pleasantly and profitably spent."

ATLAS.

"When the title of this book was first announced, we were in great doubts what it might mean; and when we consulted our friends, one said that it was to be a history of the 'doings' of a student who had 'walked the hospitals,' and another that it was to set forth the transactions of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. We were, therefore, most agreeably surprised, upon looking into the book itself, to find a performance of a very different kind. Not a leg is amputated, not a muscle is dissected out, and not a bolus is swallowed in the whole volume. It is a sort of *Dance of Death*, though not quite after the manner of Holbein. The plates are executed with much lightness, and some of them have great force of satire in the design, while none degenerate into that breadth of caricature which has, of late, so much disfigured works of a similar class. The 'Illustrations,' though they do not always illustrate the plate, are all chastely, and some of them very feelingly, and even beautifully written; while the variety and lightness of the whole cannot fail to make this one of the most popular and desirable productions of the day.

"When each of the contributors, singly, has been able to obtain a hearing from the public, it was but natural to suppose (upon the hypothesis of the bundle of rods), that the interests of their joint labour would bear some ratio to their numbers; and that a single volume having twenty or thirty popular authors, would shine like a gas-light having that number of burners. This circumstance, however, while it constitutes the charm of the literary part of the work, precludes the possibility of quoting a specimen with any thing like safety,—as by selecting one author, there would be a hazard of offending a score. The only safe plan is to read the whole; and those who do this will not be disappointed."

WEEKLY TIMES.

"The power of the great *Floerer*, Death, is manifested throughout every page, with considerable talent and effect; and may, if properly applied, afford useful lessons to every class of society. The etchings might be termed '*Twenty-four Notices to Quit*.' " * * *

"This publication, we have no doubt, will excite considerable interest, and have a good sale. It is rather singular, although true, that from

the beginning to the finish of the work, it is always the ‘*latter end*’ of the subject.—We have selected a portion of the work in our line—**DEATH IN THE RING**—as being most congenial to our readers, and which may be considered as a fair specimen of well-handled articles, interspersed throughout the book;—in fact, a *hit*, nay more, a *floorer*, to the *Milling Coves*.”

PIERCE EGAN’S LIFE IN LONDON.

“This and the subsequent composition (‘Death in the Ring,’ and ‘Death among the Cricketers,’) have been extracted from a very interesting work, just published, entitled ‘Death’s Doings,’ in which the ‘handy-work’ of the ‘grim King of Terrors,’ in every class of society, is very admirably, and, in some respects, very humorously illustrated. The author of the pieces we have selected, has chosen, for the first, a plate which represents Death in a pugilistic attitude, on a stage, ready for all comers, and surrounded by *ci-devant* antagonists, who have been ‘grassed’ by his irresistible power; and, in the second, the bony Champion is bowling out the batsman as he stands at the wicket.”

BELL’S LIFE IN LONDON.

The additions to “Death’s Doings” having been so considerable as to swell the Work to a bulk which was not anticipated when the second Edition was begun, it has been deemed advisable to divide it into two volumes. For this purpose a new Vignette Title-page has been engraved for the second volume; but, though the whole would have been inconveniently thick for ONE, in boards, it may not be deemed so when bound, and, therefore, as the usual words, “end of the first volume,” are not printed, and the paging runs on from the beginning to the end of the Work, it may be afterwards bound either in one or two volumes, according to the will of the purchaser.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

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BY R. DAGLEY.



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